



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





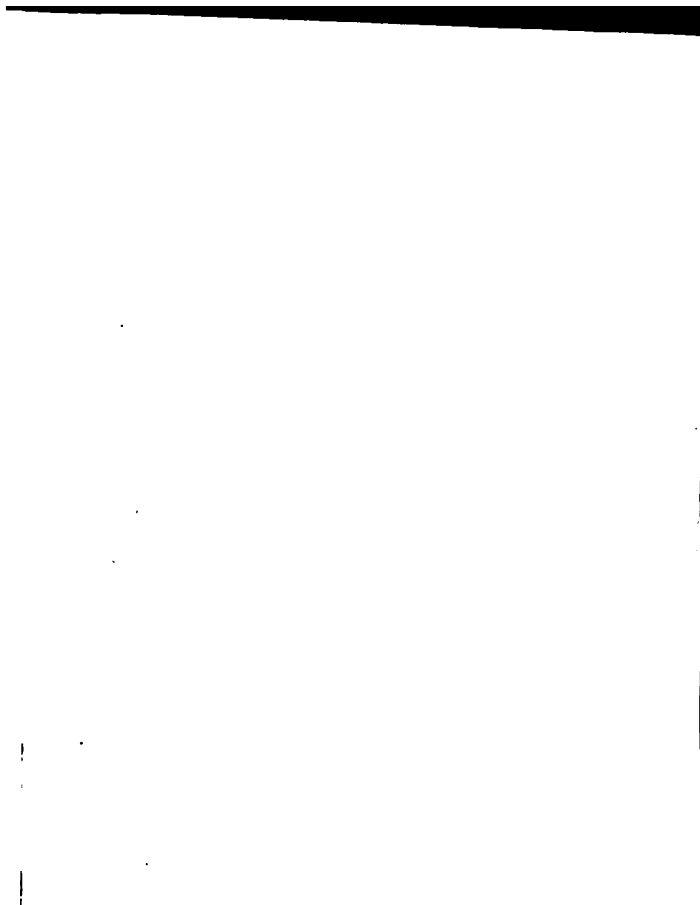
600071232L



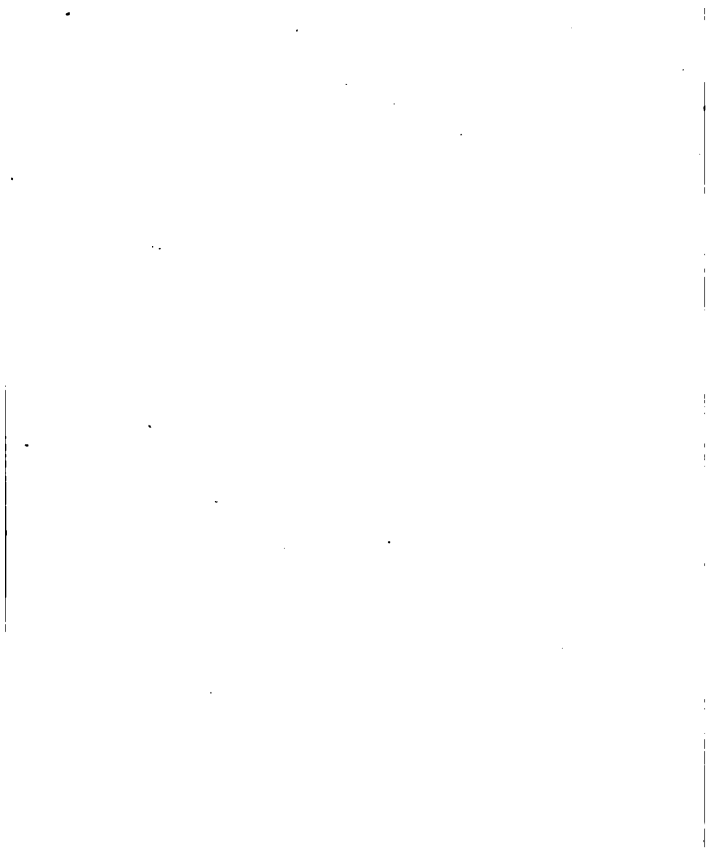


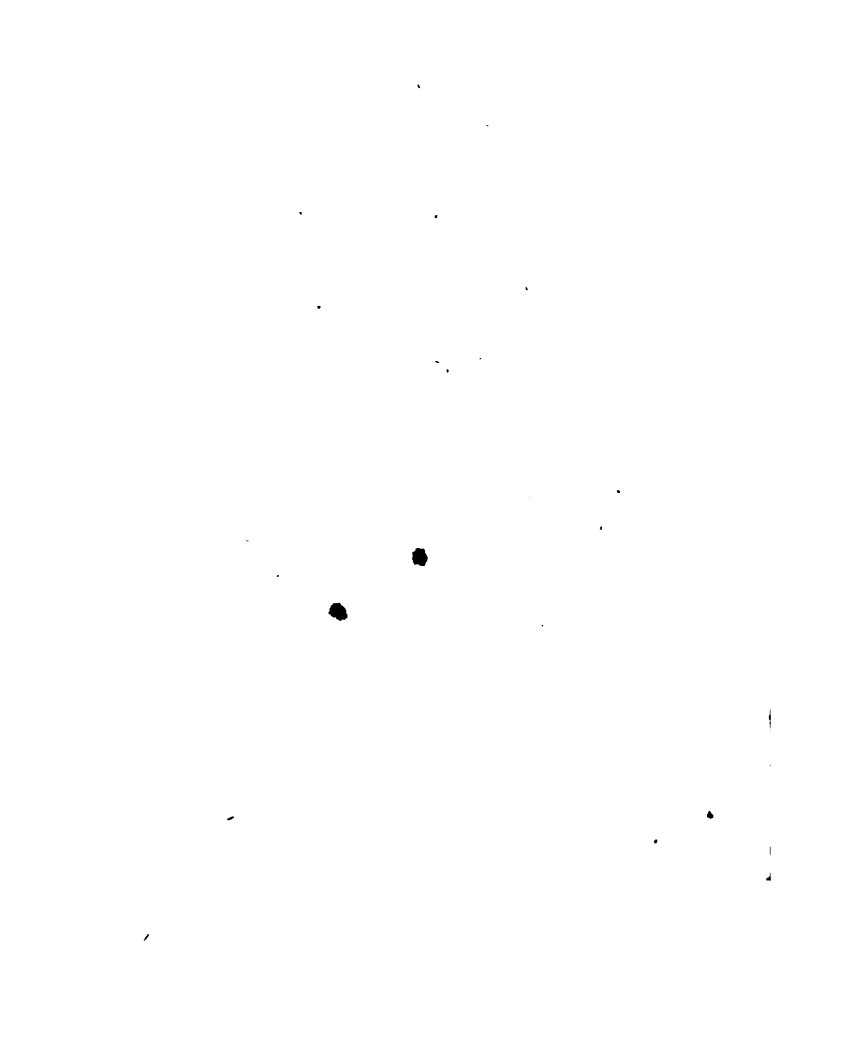
1

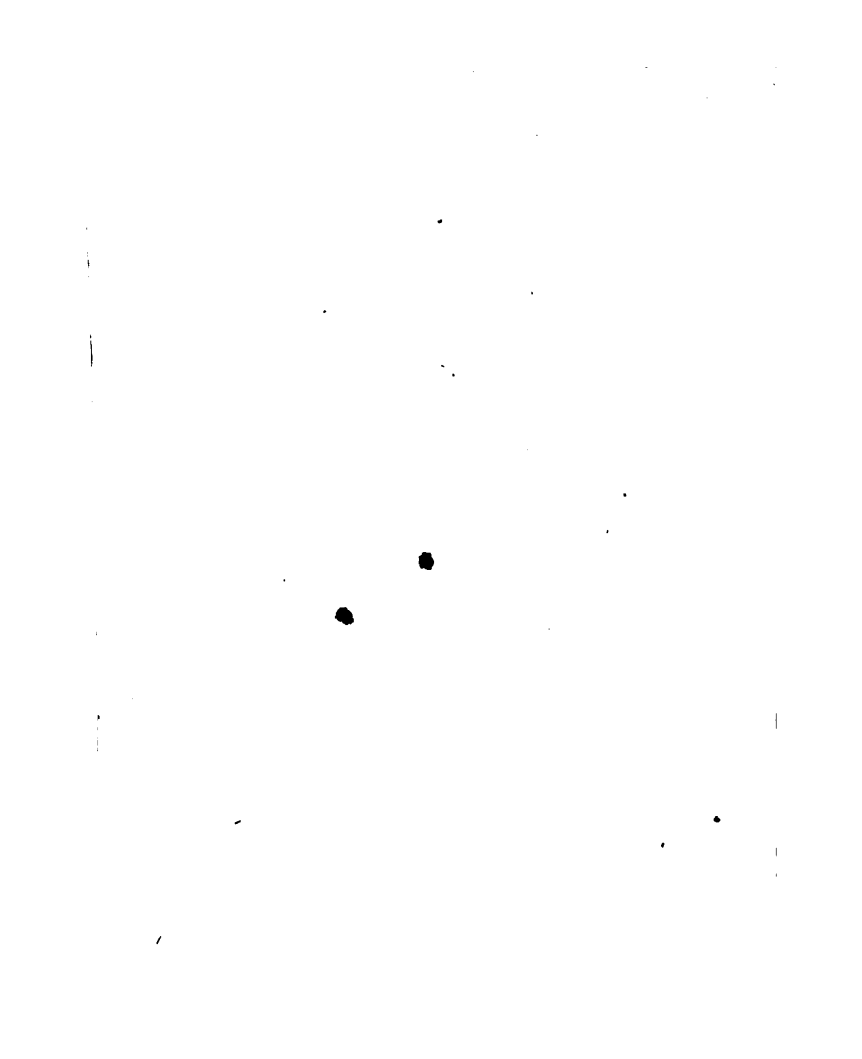
2



CHILD-WORLD









Antispiece

CHILD-WORLD

BY THE AUTHORS OF
"POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD"



STRAHAN AND CO., PUBLISHERS

56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1869

280. m. 319.

DALZIEL BROTHERS,
CAMDEN PRESS, LONDON, N.W.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
A BALLAD (B.)	1
THE FAIRIES' NEST (A.)	10
MY PONY (A.)	17
THE IRISH FAIRY (A.)	21
THE LITTLE SCHOONER (B.)	27
OGRES (A.)	39
THE FAIRY AND THE BEE (A.)	58
MOTHER TABBYSKINS (A.)	63
THE LITTLE BOATS (A.)	70
A BOY'S ASPIRATIONS (B.)	74
THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES (A.)	79
THE SORROWFUL SEA-GULL (A.)	87
THE BUTTERFLY'S SONG (A.)	91
PRINCE FIE-FOR-SHAME (A.)	96
THE FAIRY BAND (A.)	123

	<i>Page</i>
THE GREEN DOUBLET (A.)	130
GRANDMAMMA AND THE FAIRIES (B.)	141
A NEW FERN (A.)	149
THE ROBINS' ADVICE (A.)	151
A NURSERY RHYME (B.)	157
FLAX (A.)	163
THE NAUGHTY STAR (A.)	165
RIVER (A.)	173
WISHES (A.)	175
A LEGEND OF THE SEA (A.)	179
THE FAIRY'S WEDDING (A.)	191
THE SICK SPARROW (A.)	200
NEPTUNE (A.)	204
THE TWO SWANS (A.)	223
BUTTERCUP VERSUS GLOW-WORM (A.)	231
WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO A THIMBLE (B.) . . .	234
FREDDY'S KISS (A.)	241
ONCE (B.)	247
MY CRYSTAL GOBLET (A.)	250
SUNSHINE (A.)	254
THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG (A.)	257
TALKING FLOWERS (A.)	260

ERRATA.



Page	Line	
22	6	for "tricksy," read "frisky."
59	16	for "blest," read "best."
61	4	for "?" read "1"
102		transfer the * from end of line 10 to end of line 11.
116	6	for "sat," read "sate."
141	5	for "grand," read "gravel."
190	8	for "dreaming," read "die-away."
223	3	for "comes," read "come." *

A BALLAD.

O, WERE you at war in the red Eastern
land ?

What did you hear, and what did you
see ?

Saw you my son, with his sword in his
hand ?

Sent he, by you, any dear word to
me ?

“ I come from red war, in that dire
Eastern land :
I saw three deeds which one might
die to see ;
But I know not your son, with his sword
in his hand ;
If you would hear of him, paint him
to me.”

O, he is as gentle as south winds in
May !

“ ’Tis not a gentle place where I have
been.”

O, he has a smile like the outbreak of
day !

“ Where men are dying fast, smiles
are not seen.”

1



Tell me the mightiest deeds that were
done.

Deeds of chief honour, you said, you
saw three;

You said you saw three—I am sure he
did one.

My heart shall discern him, and cry,
“This is he!”

“I saw a man scaling a tower of de-
spair,

And he went up alone, and the hosts
shouted loud.”

That was my son ! Had he streams
of fair hair ?

“Nay ; it was black as the blackest
night-cloud.”

Did he live? "No, he died: but the
fortress was won.

And they said it was grand for a man
to die so."

Alas, for his mother! He was not my
son.

Was there no fair-haired soldier who
humbled the foe?

"I saw a man charging in front of his
rank,

Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die;
Straight as an arrow hurled into the
flank

Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter
draws nigh."

Did he live? "No, he died : but the
battle was won,
And the conquest-cry carried his
name through the air.
Be comforted, mother ; he was not thy
son :
Worn was his forehead, and grey was
his hair."

O, the brow of my son is as smooth
as a rose ;
I kissed it last night in my dream. I
have heard
Two legends of fame from the land of
our foes ;
But you said there were three : you
must tell me the third.

“ I saw a man flash from the trenches,
and fly

In a battery’s face ; but it was not to
slay :

A poor little drummer had dropped
down to die,

With his ankle shot through, in the
place where he lay.

“ He carried the boy like a babe through
the rain,

The death-pouring torrent, of grape-
shot and shell ;

And he walked at a foot’s pace because
of the pain,

Laid his burden down gently, smiled
once, and then fell.”

Did he live? "No, he died : but he
rescued the boy.

Such a death is more noble than life
(so they said).

He had streams of fair hair, and a face
full of joy.

And his name " — Speak it not !
'T is my son ! He is dead !

O, dig him a grave by the red rowan
tree,

Where the spring moss grows softer
than fringes of foam ;

And lay his bed smoothly, and leave
room for me,

For I shall be ready before he comes
home.

And carve on his tombstone a name and
a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through
the slow-spreading years—
How he died his noble and beautiful
death,
And his mother, who longed for him,
died of her tears.

But what is this face shining in at the
door,
With its old smile of peace, and its
flood of fair hair?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the
far heavenly shore?
Do not go back alone!—let me follow
you there!



“O, clasp me, dear mother. I come
to remain ;

I come to your heart,—God has an-
swered your prayer.

Your son is alive from the hosts of the
slain,

And the Cross of our Queen on his
breast glitters fair !”



THE FAIRIES' NEST.

THE children think they'll climb a tree,
For, by the sun and sky carest,
Perch'd at the very top, they see
A most delightful little nest.
"And, ah," they cry, "for us, for us,
The bird his tiny treasure weaves,
That we may scale the fortress thus,
And snatch it from the faithless
leaves."

Ever so high the boys ascend,
But still a weary world too low ;
The tender branches break and bend,
And whisper warnings as they go.
Oh, girls are very light and small ;
And so the eldest boy decrees,
If they are any use at all,
Their use must be to climb up trees !

Proud of the honour they confer,
A little laughing lissom thing—
The very boughs must humour her,
And aid her with their airy swing—
From branch to branch she makes her
way,
Unconscious of the danger near ;
A creature innocently gay,
Who never heard the name of fear.

No harm has ever touched her yet,
By tender arms her life is girt;
How can the universal pet
Believe that anything can hurt?
As if the pleasant rustling trees
Would break themselves that she
might fall!
Why, everything is meant to please,
And she has perfect faith in all.

And so from branch to branch she goes,
And of no treason is afraid;
She is a little queen, she knows,
And just for her the world is made.
Five happy summers hath she known,
The darling of her home is she,
And all the boys delighted own
That she's the girl to climb a tree.

She will not rest—she does not stop ;
And now she climbs, and now she
creeps,
Till she has reached the very top,
And slily in the nest she peeps.
Oh, wonderful ! no eggs she sees,
But sitting round, with air polite,
Six little Fairies, at their ease,
Playing Pope Joan with all their
might !

Oh, if a bishop had been there,
Philosopher or statesman wise,
How these would shake their heads and
stare,
And that would rub his rev'rend eyes !
But children, to whom all is play,

And something new each hour must
bring,
Find *everything* so strange, that they
Are not surprised at *anything*.

For why should Fairies in a nest
Be more a miracle to her
Than sunset colours in the west,
Or berries on the juniper?
When first she sees a robin fly,
Or lovely clouds dissolve in snow,
Or hears a lambkin's plaintive cry,
Each is a miracle, you know.

And Fairies in a nest to find,
That she with cunning hand may
steal,

Has nothing stranger to her mind
Than finding kittens in a creel ;
She only thinks how lucky she,
What praise from all the boys she 'll
meet :
If senseless eggs they 'd like to see,
Live Fairies will be quite a treat !

How tenderly she takes the nest,
And chirps to it with lips that pout,
And holds it to her happy breast
Without the shadow of a doubt !
She 's but one hand to clasp the bough,
And help her little eager legs ;
She says, " If I should drop them now,
I wonder if they 'd break like eggs."

Ah, child, you were so near the sky !
A bright enchantment lingers there :
The very leaves—we know not why—
When near the sky are doubly fair.
And if a daring bird can place
Its little nest so near the sky,
It has a wonder and a grace—
We know not why—we know not why.

Ah, child ! the sky is growing far,
The earth is nearer and more near ;
The Fairies disappearing are,
And, lo ! the tiny eggs appear.
'T is only very near the skies,
Where all is innocent and blest,
That even little children's eyes
Can see the Fairies in the nest.





7

MY PONY.

My pony toss'd his sprightly head,
And would have smiled, if smile he
could,
To thank me for the slice of bread
He thinks so delicate and good ;
His eye is very bright and wild,
He looks as if he loved me so,
Although I only am a child,
And he 's a real horse, you know !

How charming it would be to rear,
And have hind legs to balance on ;
Of hay and oats within the year
To leisurely devour a ton ;
To stoop my head and quench my
drouth
With water in a lovely pail ;
To wear a snaffle in my mouth,
Fling back my ears, and slash my tail !

To gallop madly round a field
(Who tries to catch me is a goose),
And then with dignity to yield
My stately back for rider's use ;
To feel as only horses can,
When matters take their proper
course,

And no one notices the man,
While loud applauses greet the horse!

He canters fast or ambles slow,
And either is a pretty game ;
His duties are but pleasures—oh,
I wish that mine were just the same !
Lessons would be another thing
If I might turn from book and
scroll,
And learn to gallop round a ring,
As he did when a little foal.

It must be charming to be shod,
And beautiful beyond my praise,
When tired of rolling on the sod,
To stand upon all-fours and graze !

Alas ! my dreams are weak and wild,
I must not ape my betters so ;
Alas ! I only am a child,
And he 's a real horse, you know.



THE IRISH FAIRY.

AN Irish Fairy lost her way ;
Of course she could not find it.
She was so debonnair and gay,
She vow'd she did not mind it.
And far too vain to speak of pain,
Or own to fear's dominion,
She sang of you, Donnel Aboo,
As happy as a Fenian !

Sure all her ancestors were kings,
Who ruled and reign'd and thunder'd;
And, if you talk'd of fifty things,
She'd gabble of a hundred!
She'd fun galore, and plenty more,
She was so bright and tricky;
She liked a pig, an Irish pig,
And just a dhrop of whisky!

She was not fond of water, though,
And thought rags cool and pleasant;
She had no call to work, you know—
Would rather play at present.
And heads she'd break at fair and wake,
And hearts too very gaily;
And if you spoke of John Bull's oak,
She'd flourish Pat's shillaly!

She snigger'd at the big Police,
The craytures, they 'll not hurt you !
And swans she made of all her geese,
Of all her faults a virtue.
In debt to run is only fun,
To drink is only jolly ;
A little lie is 'cute and sly,
And telling truth a folly.

And *are* there other countries, then ?
(Och ! Ireland grand and great is !);
And *have* they women there, and men,
And whisky, punch, and praties ?
Of this she 's sure, that rich or poor,
Or honest folks or rogues, oh !
Sorra a bit can *one* be fit
To tie ould Ireland's brogues, oh !

She wander'd on, she wander'd on.
And still she kept her eyes on
The place she'd set her heart upon—
And that was the horizon.
She murmur'd, " Oh, if on I go,
Unheeding gates and hedges,
I 'm sure that I must touch the sky,
And stand upon the edges ! "

And if you think the notion queer,
Remember, she was Irish ;
And on she went, poor little dear,
Till she was rather tiredish !
Her shoes (a pair) she held with care—
Her feet, you see, don't need 'em ;
For Irish shoes are not for use,
And Irish feet like freedom.

She went so far, that all the trees
 Were made of cherry-brandy,
And all the little pods of peas
 Held drops of sugar-candy,
And every well contain'd Moselle,
 And all the rivers sherry,
And eggs were made of marmalade—
 A charming country, very.

She reach'd the land where sea is earth,
 And earth is only water ;
And people banquet on a dearth,
 And lives are saved by slaughter ;
And dwarfs are tall, and giants small,
 And rascals bow demurely.
She said, "Perhaps I know these chaps ;
 I've seen this country, surely."

She came to where the sky rains cats
And dogs, to drown the miller;
And, in their mouths, the little brats
Are born with spoons of siller.
And if you speak about next week,
You 'll find yourself pitch'd in it;
And no one knows how money goes,
But still you do not win it.

Her shoes she carries in her hands
(Not one of them she tries on);
And on she goes through lands and lands
—She reaches the horizon!
She's there at last! Her heart beats
fast—
Oh, what will she discover?
She's on the ledge—the very edge;
And then—she tumbles over!

THE LITTLE SCHOONER.

THEY built a little ship,
By the rough sea-side ;
They laid her keel in hope,
And they launched it in pride.
Five-and-twenty working men,
All day and half night,
Were hammering and clamouring
To make her all right.

Lightly was she rigged,
And strongly was she sparred ;
She had bowlines and buntlines,
Topping-lift and yard ;
They swung round her boom,
When the wind blew piff-paff ;
For she was a little schooner,
And she sailed with a gaff.

The men who were making her
Talk'd of her at home—
“ A smarter little creature
Shall never breast the foam ;
She is not built for battle
Nor for any dark deed,
But for safety and money,
And comfort and speed.”

She made two trips
In the smooth summer days ;
Back she came merrily,
All sang her praise.
Once she brought figs
From a land of good heat ;
Once she brought Memel wood,
Strong, hard, and sweet.

She made three trips
When winter gales were strong ;
Back she came gallantly,
Not a spar wrong ;
She could scud before the wind
With just a sail set,
Or beat up and go about
With not a foot wet.

It was in September
That she went out anew,
As fresh as a little daisy
Brimful of morning dew,
Brush'd, painted, holystoned,
Tarred, trimmed, and laced,
Like a beauty in a ball-dress
With a sash round her waist.

She went out of harbour
With a light breeze and fair,
And every shred of canvas spread
Upon the soft blue air ;
But when she pass'd the Needles
It was blowing half a gale,
And she took in a double reef,
And haul'd down half her sail.

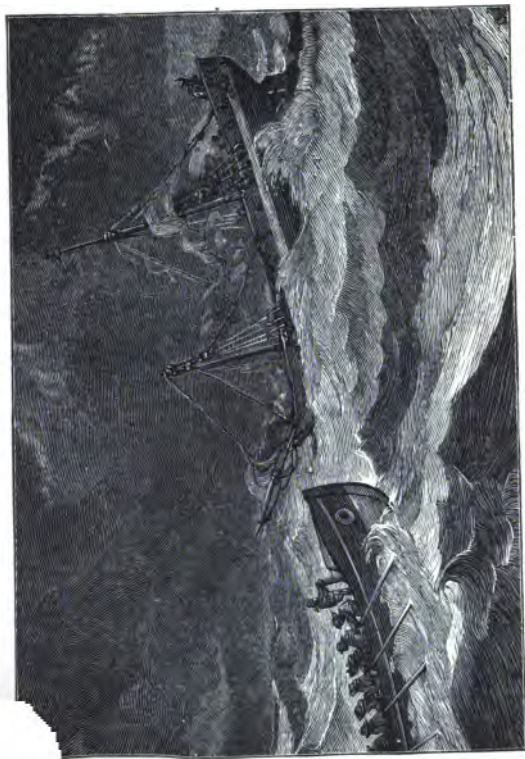
Just as the sun was sinking,
A cloud sprang from the east,
Like an angry whiff of darkness
Before the daylight ceased ;
It went rushing up the sky,
And a black wind rush'd below,
And struck the little schooner
As a man strikes his foe.

She fought like a hero—
Alas ! how could she fight,
In the clutch of the hurling demons
Who roar in the seas by night ?
White stars, wild stars,
With driving clouds before,
You saw her driven like a cloud
Upon a cruel lee-shore !

There were ten souls on board of her
The crew, I ween, were eight,
And the ninth was a woman,
And she was the skipper's mate ;
The ninth was a woman,
With a prayer upon her lip ;
And the tenth was a little cabin-boy,
And this was his first trip.

As they drove upon the rocks,
Before they settled down,
They could see the happy windows
Along a shining town ;
The flicker of the firelight
Came through the swirls of foam,
And they cried to one another,
“ Oh ! thus it looks at home ! ”





By those bright hearths they guess'd
not,

Closing their peaceful day,
How ten poor souls were drowning
Not half a mile away ;
But there were some hardy fellows
Keeping a bright look-out,
Who had manned the life-boat long ago,
And launch'd her with a shout.

Out in the darkness, clinging
To broken mast and rope,
The ten were searching sea and sky
With eyes that had no hope ;
And the moon made awful ridges
Of black against the clear,
And the life-boat over the ridges
Came leaping like a deer !

Up spoke the life-boat coxwain
When they came near the wreck,
“Who casts his life in this fierce sea
To carry a rope on deck?”
The men were all so willing
That they chose the first who spoke,
And he plunged into the breathless
pause
Before a huge wave broke.

And the wave sprang like a panther
And caught him by the neck,
And toss'd him, as you toss a ball,
Upon the shuddering wreck;
Faint eager hands upheld him
Till he had got his breath,
And could make fast the blessed rope—
A bridge to life from death.

There's many a precious cargo
Comes safe to British sands,
There's many a gallant fighting-man
About our British lands ;
But I think our truest heroes
Are men with names unknown,
Who save a priceless freight of lives,
And never heed their own.

Now bear those weary wanderers
From the dark shores below,
And warm them at the hearths whose
light
They watch'd an hour ago ;
And call the fishers and sailors
Gravely to see, and say,
“ Our turn may come to-morrow,
As theirs has come to-day.”

Among the fishers and sailors
There came a sunburnt man,
And he stared at the little cabin-boy
Lying so white and wan ;
Lying so white and speechless,
They thought his days were done :
And the sailor stared, and wrung his
hands,
And cried, " It is my son !

" Oh ! I was bound for Plymouth,
And he for the coast of Spain,
But little I thought when we set sail
How we should meet again ;
And who will tell his mother
How he is come ashore ?
For though I loved him very much,
I know she loved him more !

“ I ’ll kiss his lips full gently
Before they are quite cold,
And she shall take that kiss from mine
Ere this moon waxes old.”
“ Father ! ” the pale lips murmur,
“ Is mother with you here ? ”
The answer to these welcome words
Was a sob and then a cheer !

The captain spoke at midnight,
When he saw the tossing sky,
“ Alas ! a woeful night is this,
And a woeful man am I.
Glad am I for my wife,” he said,
“ And glad for my true men ;
But alas for my little schooner,
She ’ll never sail agen ! ”

Now all you life-boat heroes
 Who reckon your lives so cheap,
You banish tears from other homes—
 Make not your own to weep !
You cannot die like lions,
 For all you are so strong ;
While you are saving other lives,
 God keep your own from wrong !





OGRES.

“BRING me a child!” said the Ogre,
“Bring me a child to eat;
And let it be a lively one,
And very fair and sweet!”

A flaxen-headed creature,
And, oh, it must be fat ;
Bring me a child—a naughty child ! ”
The Ogre said, and sat.

He was a real Ogre,
An Ogre orthodox,
And he had got a hideous face,
And he had had small-pox.
Of course, he was a giant,
With beard as black as jet ;
Of course, he only had one eye,
Straight in his forehead set.

We all have read of Ogres,
And know them in advance ;
We fancy they would eat us up,
If they had but the chance.

But still we are not frighten'd,
We are too wide awake;
And in the nineteenth century
An Ogre's a mistake.

So when the children heard him,
Tuck'd snugly in their beds,
They only laugh'd a little bit,
And hid their flaxen heads.
Why should they mind the Ogre,
Or think about his food,
Safe in their pleasant nursery,
And feeling very good?

"Bring me a child," said the Ogre,
"That I may gobble up;
I'm getting hungry, don't you see?
I really want to sup.

Go forth, my lords-in-waiting—
Your master must be fed ;
Bring me a child—a naughty child,
Or you 'll be eat instead ! ”



Out rush'd the frighten'd nobles ;
Terror unman'd them quite :
They knew that with their Ogre-king
'T was but a bark and bite.

They knew that he would eat them
As soon as look at them ;
Though, in the nineteenth century,
Such masters we condemn.

Our servitors and tenants
Would not endure it now ;
Our men-at-arms would mutiny,
Our sailors make a row.
We must not eat our servants ;
Such discipline's forbid.
But Ogres will be Ogres,
And so this Ogre *did* !

Out rush'd the lords-in-waiting
(But one thing I must say,
If servants may be eaten up,
They'll certainly obey.

And if our noble Premier
Would just one Fenian eat,
I think Policemen might walk out
Quite safely in the street).

Out rush the lords-in-waiting ;
With trembling zeal they cry,
“ Where are the naughty children?—
where ?

Oh, show us, or we die ! ”
The winds and waves make answer
(Kind-hearted wind and sea),
“ The children have been good as gold—
You ’d better let them be ! ”

There is an apple-orchard,
Where apple-trees abound;

In summer they are beautiful,
With rosy blossoms crown'd.
But 't is an autumn evening,
And they are fairer now ;
For apples, asking us to eat,
Adorn each drooping bough.



There is a little school-boy,

I think they call him "Fag ;"
The other fellows knock him up,
And bid him take a bag.
They tie a cord about him,
He is so small and light,
Then fling him from the window-sill
Just at the dead of night.

And he must seek the orchard,
And up the trees must creep,
And he must gather luscious fruit
While all the world 's asleep.
An eager lord-in-waiting
Beheld him, full of joy,
And cried, "Hurrah ! we shan't be
eat—
I 've found a naughty boy !"



They seize the screaming truant,
And from the orchard drag ;

In his own bag they tie him up,
Unhappy little Fag!
Yet, in our direst trouble,
Comfort may lie beneath :
There were some apples in the bag,
And little Fag had teeth !

“ Bring me a child,” said the Ogre,
“ Ere hunger makes me wild ;
I feel my waistcoat falling in—
Bring me a naughty child ! ”
In rush the lords-in-waiting,
Who hear the angry shout ;
They loose the strings, they shake the
bag,
And little Fag rolls out !

The Ogre smiles benignly,
His face is sweet and mild ;
He softly says, " We 'll stew him first,
And then we 'll eat this child ! "
He took him by the shoulder,
Impatient to begin,
Then started back, and cried, aghast,
" My gracious ! but he 's thin ! "

The lords-in-waiting tremble,
The dukes are on their knees,
The earls and barons clasp their hands,
The marquises cry " Please,"
Imploring him to stew him ;
But he declares he *won't*,
And eats a lord-in-waiting up
Before they can say " Don't."

•
He lick'd his lips, that Ogre,
And shouted, "Who's to blame?
And if the dear departed 's dead,
He certainly died game!"
He was a playful Ogre,
Extremely fond of fun,
And even when he ate a lord
Must have his little pun.

"Now bring my coop of silver,
Wherein he must be fed;
We'll put some fat upon his bones
Before a week has sped."
Oh, briskly the Lord Chancellor
Produced the silver coop,
And all the officers of state
Surround it in a group.

The golden sun is rising,
And from the sky doth peep ;
It is the hour when Ogre-kings
Must go to bed and sleep.
Hush ! do you hear him snoring ?
He stretches out his legs—
Oh, if disturbed, he 'll eat them all,
As sure as eggs is eggs.

As round the coop they gather
Where little Fag is stuck,
The melancholy noblemen
Deplore their wretched luck.
Their wrists and waists they measure,
They poke each other's ribs ;
If ask'd if they are growing fat,
They falter frighten'd fibs.

There's but one hope among them,
One end they strive to win,
One thought, one wish, one trust, one
aim,
And that is—to be thin !
And when they feel their waistcoats
Are growing rather tight,
They mourn their healthy appetites,
And wring their hands with fright.

Fag, in his silver prison,
Listens to all of it ;
He feels for them and for himself,
And has a ready wit.
So, mustering his courage,
Cries, with a little
" My lads "

O words of doubtful meaning!
O hope that flutters free!
And *will* he teach them how to bant?
And *what* may banting be?
Come forth, you little wonder;
Hold up your little chin—
An anxious aristocracy
Implore you to begin!

Fag is a boy of honour;
He will not run away.
They press about him, old and young,
The bright-hair'd and the grey.
And, pointing to his prison,
He says, "Your wish I'll grant;
—or, sure, a bantling in a coop
—the way to bant."

He tells them about sugar,
He tells them about cream,
About potatoes—butter—bread—
They think it is a dream!
They think it is too charming;
Though here and there a few
Of very conscientious men
Ask what the king will do.

One old voracious noble,
Tears streaming down his cheek,
Declared he *could* not give up cream—
'T would make his life too bleak!
But all the rest are happy;
They laugh, and wink, and jeer,
And almost wake the Ogre-king
By giving Fag a cheer.

Ah, Banting—Mister Banting,
Did it e'er cross your thought
What joy your little book might bring



Into an Ogre's court?
Or how uneaten nobles,
Without a grain of cant,

Might bless the moment and the man
That taught them how to bant?



Kind-hearted Mister Banting,
This happy House of Peers

And all these officers of state
Lived many pleasant years.
But still remember, Banting,
'Mid all the joys that spring,
You have one death to answer for—
You starved that Ogre-king !



THE FAIRY AND THE BEE.

A DOLEFUL TRAGEDY.

A FAIRY in a buttercup
Was lying very much at ease,
And said she'd rather not get up
Just to accommodate the bees.
For if the creatures wish to sup
The honeys that their palates please,
Why, let them seek another cup,
And fly to other buds and trees.



A busy bee the fairy heard,
And humm'd a discontented song,
A song that said, "Is that the word?
Are bees so weak and fays so strong?"
An idle breeze the meadow stirr'd,
And pleasant scents are borne along,
While answering a twilight bird
The bells ring out their sweet ding-
dong.

The fairy will not spread her wings,
She is so indolent and blest,
And to herself she softly sings
A little song of perfect rest:
"The year its own enchantment brings,
And takes the seasons to its breast,
And everything from nothing springs,
And all is beautiful and blest.

“ Sweet is the fragrance of the hay,
The dewdrop glitters like a tear,
The gaudy sunlight melts away,
Oh, summer comes but once a year !”
The busy bee is quite astray,
I almost think he tried to sneer ;
The fairy murmur’d, “ Well-a-day !
But busy bees are sometimes queer !”

The busy bee flies sternly by,
With heart of steel and brow of
brass ;
He doth not heed the tender sky
That shineth on the scented grass.
The buttercup hath caught his eye,
Oh, will he stop, or will he pass ?
The fairy laughs to see him fly,
The fairy laughs—alas ! alas !

Oh, greedy grasping busy bee,
Who seeketh sweetness from the
 flow'r,
That is so bountiful and free,
And yields him its delicious dow'r ?
Oh, dark revengeful busy bee,
By nature cursed with wondrous
 pow'r,
To wield a weapon none can see,
But all may feel in bitter hour !

The busy bee, with dreadful hate,
Has stabb'd the fairy to the heart ;
Her little death-cry vexes Fate,
And children in their cradles start.
The wicked bee finds, all too late,
His life must with his sting depart ;

Oh, Nature, wonderful and great,
How just in all thy ways thou art !

It is a doleful tragedy !
The buttercups are glad, 't is true ;
They are triumphant o'er the bee,
And cry, they 'll keep their honey-
dew !

But when the fairy corpse they see,
They say (the maxim is not new)
That good and evil mix'd must be,
In everything the world can do.



MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

SITTING at a window
In her cloak and hat,
I saw Mother Tabbyskins,
The *real* old cat !

CHORUS—Very old, very ola,
Crumplety and lame ;
Teaching kittens how to scold—
Is it not a shame ?

Pray send for a doctor quick—
Any one will do !

Doctor Mouse came creeping,
Creeping to her bed ;
Lanced her gums and felt her
pulse,
Whisper'd she was dead.

CHORUS—Very sly, very sly,
The *real* old cat
Open kept her weather eye—
Mouse ! beware of that !

Old Mother Tabbyskins,
Saying, “ Serves him right,”
Gobbled up the doctor, with
Infinite delight.

CHORUS—Very fast, very fast,
Very pleasant, too—
“What a pity it can’t last!
Bring another, do.”

Doctor Dog comes running,
Just to see her begs;
Round his neck a comforter,
Trousers on his legs.

CHORUS—Very grand, very grand—
Golden-headed cane
Swinging gaily from his hand,
Mischief in his brain!

“Dear Mother Tabbyskins,
And how are you now?



Let me feel your pulse—so, so ;
Show your tongue—bow,
wow.

CHORUS—“ Very ill, very ill ;
Please attempt to purr :
Will you take a draught or pill ?
Which do you prefer ? ”

Ah, Mother Tabbyskins,
Who is now afraid ?
Of poor little Doctor Mouse
You a mouthful made.

CHORUS—Very nice, very nice
Little doctor he ;
But for Doctor Dog’s advice
You must pay the fee.

Doctor Dog comes nearer,
Says she must be bled ;
I heard Mother Tabbyskins
Screaming in her bed.

CHORUS—Very near, very near,
Scuffling out and in ;
Doctor Dog looks full and
queer—
Where is Tabbyskin ?

I will tell the Moral
Without any fuss :
Those who lead the young
astray
Always suffer thus.

CHORUS—Very nice, very nice,
Let our conduct be ;
For all doctors are not mice,
Some are dogs, you see !



THE LITTLE BOATS.

'T WAS on a summer night—
A night so calm and sweet—
That all the little boats woke up,
And made a little fleet.
Without a single man
A helm or rope to take,
Their little sails they did unfurl,
And gave themselves a shake.

Without a single man—

Alas! how could it be?—

The pretty Lilliputian fleet

Prepared to go to sea ;

Together did collect

Within the silent bay,

Right gallantly did trim themselves,

And then—did sail away.

Are little boats alive ?

And can they plan and feel ?

Oh, strange to see each snowy sail

Across the moonlight steal ;

To see them bow and bend,

Before the breezes tack,

And sail away so steadfastly,

And never once look back !

What will the fishers do
When, at the break of day,
They seek the pretty boats they left
Moor'd in the quiet bay ?
They seek the pretty boats,
And find that they are fled ?
Alas ! what will the fishers do—
How can they earn their bread ?

The day begins to dawn,
The rosy bay shines fair,
The eager fishers seek their boats,
And lo, the boats are there !
Like senseless planks of wood,
All helplessly they lie.
Who would have thought that little
boats
Could ever be so sly ?

The fisher on the sea
Must battle with the tide :
He guides the boat, and does not dream
The boat itself can guide.
Oh, active fishermen,
You work and toil and strive,
And guess not that the little boats
That hold you are alive !

Where did the creatures go ?
What did the creatures do ?
I 'd give my very eyes to know—
Ah, children, would not you ?
But we shall never learn,
Our wishes we must quell ;
For British boats have hearts of oak,
And ne'er a one will tell !

A BOY'S ASPIRATIONS.

I WAS four yesterday : when I 'm quite
old,
I 'll have a cricket-ball made of pure
gold ;
I 'll carve the roast meat, and help soup
and fish ;
I 'll get my feet wet whenever I wish ;

I 'll never go to bed till twelve o'clock ;
I 'll make a mud pie in a clean frock ;

I'll whip the naughty boys with a new
birch ;

I'll take my guinea-pig always to
church ;

I'll spend a hundred pounds every day ;
I'll have the alphabet quite done away ;
I'll have a parrot without a sharp beak ;
I'll see a pantomime six times a week ;

I'll have a rose-tree, always in bloom ;
I'll keep a dancing bear in Mamma's
room ;
I'll spoil my best clothes, and not care
a pin ;
I'll have no visitors ever let in ;

I'll go at liberty up stairs or down ;
I'll pin a dish-cloth to the cook's gown ;
I'll light the candles, and ring the big
bell ;
I'll smoke Papa's pipe, feeling quite
well ;

I'll have a ball of string fifty miles
long ;
I'll have a whistle as loud as the gong ;
I'll scold the housemaid for " making
a dirt ;"
I'll cut my fingers without being hurt ;

I'll have my pinafores quite loose and
nice ;

I'll wear great fishing-boots, like Captain Price ;

I'll have a pot of beer at the girls' tea ;

I'll have John taught to say "Thank you" to me ;

I'll never stand up to show that I'm grown ;

No one shall say to me, "Don't throw a stone!"

I'll drop my butter'd toast on the new chintz ;

I'll have no governess, giving her hints!

I'll have a nursery up in the stars ;

I'll lean through windows without any bars ;

I'll sail without my nurse in a big boat ;
I'll have no comforters tied round my
throat ;

I'll have a language with not a word
spell'd ;

I'll ride on horseback without being
held ;

I'll hear Mamma say, " My boy, good
as gold ! "

When I'm a grown-up man, sixty years
old.



THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES.

“THE woods are full of fairies !
The trees are all alive :
The river overflows with them,
See how they dip and dive !
What funny little fellows !
What dainty little dears !
They dance and leap, and prance and
peep,
And utter fairy cheers !

“ Why do they come in thousands ?
What makes them swarm like bees ?
Why do they cover leaf and bud
On all the flow’rs and trees ?
They are extremely pretty ;
But are they harmless too ?
Or have they stings, beneath their wings,
To use as hornets do ?

“ They have such pleasant faces,
And look so kind and good,
I think they would not hurt me much,
Not even if they could.
If I could catch a dozen,
Nurse should not find them out ;
I ’d hide them quite, and in the night
I ’d let them run about !

“ I ’d like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I ’d teach it pretty manners,
It always should say ‘ Please ; ’
And then you know I ’d make it sew,
And curtsy with its knees ! ”

So sang a little maiden.
The fairies heard the song ;
They slyly wink’d, and softly said,
“ You would not keep us long !
But *we* can turn the tables,
And fly away with *you* ;
Ah, when you stand in Fairy-land,
We wonder what you ’ll do ? ”

A hundred shining creatures
Expand their painted wings,
From happy earth they carry her,
Determined little things !
They cry with tender pity,
“ She has no wings at all ;
How heavy she contrives to be,
Although she is so small ! ”

O lovely land of fairies,
You are so bright and fair,
Just like a rainbow spread about,
That covers all the air ;
And 'mid your changeful beauty,
They fling her down and cry,
“ Well, all the same, it is a shame
That children cannot fly ! ”

A rainbow's very charming,
And so is Fairy-land ;
But earth, I think, is pleasanter
When people want to stand.
Fairies can float in colours,
They neither fall nor drown ;
But children run, and when that's done,
They sometimes must sit down.

The little girl is angry,
And anger makes her pout ;
She stamps upon the rainbow tints,
And scatters them about ;
She puts her little finger
Into her little eye ;
To their amaze, she scolds the fays,
And then begins to cry.

The fairies gather round her :
They never saw a tear ;
They think they must be drops of dew,
And wish the flow'rs were near ;
They put their heads together,
And whisper very low,
“ Their limbs are long, and they are
strong ;
Is *this* what makes them grow ?
“ Is *this* the rain, ye mortals,
That makes you grow so tall ?
Is it for *this* your eyes are big ?
Oh, may ours still be small !
O happy little fairies,
Who keep the self-same size,
And have no stain of heavy rain
Imprison'd in our eyes ! ”

Then they are greatly frighten'd—
Her presence they deplore ;
They beg the child to go away,
And trouble them no more.
They tell her she is naughty,
Because she cannot fly ;
“ Your tears may fall, and make *us* tall,
And *we* may learn to cry ! ”

They shake their dresses at her,
They clap their hands and hiss ;
They hurry her, they flurry her,
And most unfair it is !
Then spake the wise Magician
Who rules the fairy pack,
“ Poor little dear ! you brought her here,
And you must take her back.”

And so the trouble ended,
And all the world was gay ;
The little child was safe at home,
The fairies safe away.
But oft her tears recalling,
They feel a passing care,
And rub their eyes, and thank the skies
That keep no dewdrops there.



THE SORROWFUL SEA-GULL.

THE Sea-gull *is* so sorry !
 She flings herself about,
And utters little wailing sounds,
 And flutters in and out.
The fishes do not sympathise :
 Fish are so very cool—
They make so many rules, you know,
 And who can *feel* by rule ?

They have a rule for swimming,
 A rule for taking food ;
They have a rule for pleasure-trips,
 A rule for doing good.
And people who make rules like that
 May dine, and work, and swim ;
But never know how sweet a thing
 It is to take a whim !

I 'd like to be a Sea-gull,
 With lovely beak and claws ;
I would not like to be a fish,
 Subject to fishy laws.
And if they make more changes soon
 By Acts of Parliament
I won't consent to be a fish—
 I *never will* consent !

Rules are so very tiresome,
And so is good advice ;
I 'd like to be a reckless bird—
I think it would be nice !
Sea-gulls are sentimental, though ;
Fishes are dull and sly :
I don't object to sentiment,
But dullness makes me cry.

I do distrust a herring,
I quite despise a pike ;
Of all the fish that ever lived,
A cod I most dislike !
They 're stupid and self-satisfied,
And indolent and gruff.
I 'm speaking of their characters—
To eat, they 're good enough.

Why is the Sea-gull sorry ?
I'm not allow'd to tell !
The fish, who will not sympathise,
Know what's the matter well !
And you who'd feel with all your hearts,
And give her love and tears,
Are not allow'd to hear a word—
And such is life, my dears !

THE BUTTERFLY'S SONG.

I WILL sing a wonderful song,
In my little boat out on the sea ;
I will sing it loud as I sail along—
The Butterfly told it me !

Whispering first to the rose,
Soft and low fell each delicate word ;
I listen'd and listen'd till daylight's close,
But never a note I heard.

And will no one tell me why
 (Birds and green beetles, of course,
 must know)
Butterflies talking to flowers are shy,
 And sing so extremely low?

Butterfly, Butterfly, speak!
 Tell *me* the song that you told the
 rose ;
Flutter your beautiful wings on my
 cheek—
Whisper, for nobody knows!

I will not sing it on shore,
 Where grasses and blossoms blow
 and die ;
I will sing it just once and never more—
 I promised the Butterfly,

Does the bee know ?
Will the little moth tell ?
The gnat wind his horn ?
The hornet rebel ?

The grasshopper springs—
What more can he do ?
The cockchafer whizzes
The whole night through.

The wee dainty squirrel
Has hid in the glade ;
The dragon-fly trembles,
The glowworm 's afraid.

Each bird in its nest
Sleeps under its wing ;

But the cuckoo, the cuckoo,
Defies me to sing!—

Defies me and taunts me.
O cuckoo, forbear!
I *promised* the Butterfly—
How could I dare?

So I sang my wonderful song,
I sang it loud to the silent sea;
Sudden and strange it went rushing
along,
Could it be sung by *me*?

The little fish ceased to swim,
The little winds ceased to blow, to
blow,

The waters rose to the very brim—
List'ning to me, you know.

O aching, go out of my heart,
My questioning heart that never
knows
If the song is the same in every part
That the Butterfly sang to the rose !



**PRINCE FIE-FOR-SHAME ;
OR, SELF-CONTROL.**

An Epic Poem.

Do you wish that I should tell
Of the Prince who lay in bed,
Though he was extremely well,
And extremely well he fed ?

And he grew extremely fat ;
(Nobody's surprised at that !)
But the thing that *must* surprise
Is—he always shuts his eyes !



All the doctors in the land
Gather round his royal bed ;
One a blister doth command ;
One requires he should be bled ;

One, his eyelids to unclose,
Sprinkles pepper up his nose ;
One (and he 's a man of note)
Dashes brandy down his throat.

All the remedies are vain ;
All the doctors look like spoons ;
When he 's bled, he screams with pain ;
When he 's blister'd, off he swoons.
They may dose him as they please :
Pepper only makes him sneeze ;
Brandy makes him tipsy, but
Still his eyes are always shut.

And his mother rends her hair,
And the King, his father, sobs ;
Round the palace in despair
Rush the little snobs and nobs.

Ev'ry snob indignant cries,
"Let us open *tear* his eyes."



Ev'ry nob benignant says,
"Something fair might tempt his gaze."

Then a consultation's held,
And the doctors, grave and sad,
Say they never yet beheld
So immovable a lad.
They have tried their finest tricks,
And behaved themselves like bricks :
Mild remonstrance, sudden pain,
Physic, blisters—all in vain !

Nine magicians, round the bed,
Sit in wisdom's attitude ;
Each man nods his neighbour's head
By a blow that is not rude.
'T is the spell magicians weave
When o'er deadly woe they grieve ;
'T is the spell that works and wins,
Never ending, still begins.



¶ ¶ ¶

The ninth blow was hardly struck,
The ninth nod had scarce been seen,
When a matron on a truck
Came to call upon the Queen,—
Matron of the noble schools
That philosophize our fools :

Fools that seek that school of hers
Issue forth philosophers !

Then the King, his father, cried,
 “ We had better send him there ! ”
But the Queen his mother’s pride
 The proposal *could* not bear—
“ Any, *any* thing but *that* ;
Let him be or blind or fat,
Fool, or sinner prone to err,
Only—*not* philosopher ! ” *

Down she sat upon the stairs,
 Railing at the earth and skies,

* It is evident that the Queen had profited—
as who has not ?—by the study of Alice’s
Adventures in Wonderland.



Tearing out her grizzled hairs,
Rivers flowing from her eyes—
Rivers, flowing pit-a-pat,
Wash'd a dog, and drown'd a cat ;
And his Majesty looks grim
When he finds he has to swim.

All must swim, or drowning choose,
In the rivers of her grief ;
And the Queen declines to use
Any pocket-handkerchief !
In his bed, Prince Fie-for-shame
Lies unalter'd, just the same,
Though that bed begins to float
Softly, like a little boat.

And the Queen keeps weeping on,
Murmuring her words of woe :
“ Fie-for-shame ! my son, my son—
A philosopher ? ah, no !
Spare a women's feeble strength,
Spare a mother's heart *that* wrench ;
Anything—for him, for her,
Only—*not* philosopher ! ”

Flooded are the marble stairs,
Flooded is the blue saloon ;
Tables, chiffoniers, and chairs,
Grand pianos (out of tune),
Dining-tables, richly spread,
Dishes that might rouse the dead,
Carpets (tapestry and piled),
Float about in chaos wild !

Then the King reproved the Queen,
Telling her to dry each tear,
For he'd hardly ever seen
Such a foolish little dear.
Was it sensible or good
Her own husband's house to flood ?
Self-control's a gem of price ;
Self-abandonment's not nice.

The Queen answer'd him, " Don't nag :
 It is easy to condemn ;
 Let the women boast and brag
 Who have nought to worry them.
 Not a mother in the land
 Would evince more self-command ;
 If you make my son *that* thing,
 I'll denounce you, though a king ! "

So the Queen wept on and on
 (Really it was wrong of her),
 Murmuring, " My son, my son,
 Fiefie, a philosopher !
 Little Fiefie, taught by me
 Hic, hec, hoc, and a b c ;
 Now I'd slap him, now I'd kiss—
 Did I rear him up for this ? "

The King found it rather cold :
Swimming is not pleasant, if
You are just a little old,
And your joints a little stiff.
With a most portentous frown,
He swam up, and he swam down,
Till dry ground at last he got,
Perch'd upon a chimney-pot !

“ Call the mistress of my robes,
Her who guards my scissors-sheath,
And the master of my globes,
And the keeper of my teeth,
And the duke that plays my drums,
And the nobleman that hums,
And the wizard-boy in green ;
Call them all ! ” exclaim'd the Queen.



Then a body-guard she made,

Placed it round her darling's bed.
"If the matron comes," she said,
"Shoot her boldly through the head!
If your monarch should approach,
Chant—and call him a Slow-Coach;
Chanting always makes him sick,
And Slow-Coach is sure to prick."

What a shatter'd court is this!
All the doctors are in jail,
And the palace flooded is,
And the Queen is wild and pale.
In his bed the Crown Prince lies,
He can never ope his eyes;
And the King, too, hapless lot!
Sits upon a chimney-pot.

In the rivers of her tears,
He had swum up there in pain ;
But he is a man in years,
How can he swim down again ?
(He, who never climb'd a tree ?)
For the tide has ebb'd, you see ;
Must he always sit there, then ?
Most unfortunate of men !

We have heard that woman's tears
Might be measured by the yard.
We have heard of engineers
Hoisted on their own petard.
But we never heard till now
Of such tears as hers, I vow ;
Or of king whom fate—or what ?
Hoists on his own chimney-pot ?

Hush, how horrible a scream !

Ah, their very hearts stand still ;
Are they waking, do they dream ?

Surely some one must be ill !
On a heap of cruel stones
Will they find their monarch's bones ?
Is his kingly form a wreck ?
Has he broke his royal neck ?

Out they rush—alas, too late !

Vacant is the chimney-pot !
Who will govern now the state ?
Against whom can traitors plot ?
They have search'd the palace round,
He is nowhere on the ground,
Or (to look they're half afraid)
Stuck on spike or palisade.

In the distance, near the sky,
 Something large and dark they see ;
But that monarch cannot fly,
 So they know it is not he.
Whatsoever it is, elopes
Ere they fetch their telescopes.
Now they 've but a king in name,
For their king is Fie-for-shame !

Therefore Fie-for-shame gets up,
 And his eyes he winks and blinks,
And remarks he 'd like to sup
 On an ortolan, he thinks.
And he winks and blinks his eyes,
And to open them he tries
(There is nothing like a crown
To keep youthful follies down).

As a Prince he never tried
To do any useful thing,
But his eyes he opens wide
Just the moment he's a King.
Sometimes people wish, 't is true,
He'd *not* look them through and
through,
And his courtiers sometimes find
It were better he *was* blind.

Still it was a happy reign,
And the Queen is proud and glad.
"Ah!" she cries, "'t was not in vain
That I saved the precious lad!—
Saved him from a dreadful fate,
That I fear to contemplate.
Ah, my King, it was not fit
They should ever dream of it."

Two bright lustres glided by
 Since Prince Fie-for-shame was King;
Green his earth, and blue his sky,
 Thick his crops in beauty spring.
On his hills, in charming flocks,
Goats and kids assail the rocks ;
Now they rest or gently creep,
Now they play about and leap.

One white kid, of matchless price,
 Up the topmost peak doth run
(If the creature *has* a vice,
 'T is a wish to touch the sun).
She will never stay below ;
And where'er she wills to go,
Still the herdsman must pursue,
As all herdsmen have to do.





On, the snow-white beauty flies
 (Life must be a joy to such) ;
She will surely reach the skies,
 And the pretty sun will touch.
Rock, and crag, and cliff are past ;
How is this ? She stops at last ;
Stops with eager panting breast,
Just before an eagle's nest.

Wondrous creature crouches there ;
 Frighten'd herdsman backward draws :
Are they feathers ? is it hair ?
 Are they feet or pointed claws ?
Round the form the rope he caught
That to tie the kid was brought,
Leads him crumpled, waggling, weak,
Down to earth from snow-crown'd peak.

Half in earnest, half in sport,
Leads him with a "come up," "gee,"
To the centre of the Court,
Where the King's arm'd *cap-à-pie*.
Cap-à-pie in royal state,
On his throne the monarch sat,
Sceptred, robed, anointed, crown'd,
With his courtiers kneeling round.

Strange, outlandish, wild, distraught,
Is it bird, or is it man?
Undevelop'd, lately caught?
Part of Mr. Darwin's plan?
Question strange to greet it springs:
"Are those arms you have, or wings?
Are those claws you have, or feet?
Can you talk, and will you eat?"

His two eyes are staring at
Fie-for-shame ; and how they stare !
Nervously the monarch sat,
Under that tremendous glare.
See—he moves his lips to speak—
(*Are* they lips, though, or a beak ?)
With a sort of screech, he cries,
“ So, my boy, you ’ve found your eyes.”

Fie-for-shame from throne comes down,
Lays his sceptre at his feet
(*Are* they feet, though ?), and his crown
Offers with a grace complete ;
While the Queen, in some dismay,
Half drew near, half kept away,
With uneasy, hurried air,
Touch’d his nose, and pull’d his hair.

For his nose is like a beak,
 And his hair is like a crest ;
And his voice, when he doth speak,
 Hath a sound which men distrest.
Gloves he bought, but still they saw
One hand almost like a claw,
And he never quite could drop
Some strange whim that made him hop.

If he rubs himself or shakes
 When the merry talk goes round,
Notice none the courtier takes
 Of the feathers on the ground.
When the moulting-times draw near,
He must live alone, 't is clear ;
Then each night, I 've heard it said
That his bed 's a feather-bed.

'T is too strange *not* to be true,
How the man and eagle blend,
Just as a dissolving view
Cheats our senses to the end.
Get him in some lights you can,
And no man is more a man ;
Then—the bird-like changes pass
O'er his form like shades on grass.

He is silent and reserved ;
(Speaks in such a screaming tone)
Very easily unnerved ;
Likes to take his meals alone ;
(Hung one footman by the neck,
Who *declared* he 'd seen him peck)
And but once, in accents weak,
Of *that* day was heard to speak :

How a monster eagle found
Him the chimney-pot upon,
Flew about him round and round,
Like a crow o'er carrion ;
And when it had flown enough,
Seized him by his royal scruff,
Carried him, with grief opprest,
To the mountain and the nest.

The Queen suffers—she is low,
Thin, and pale, and keeps aloof ;
Does she wish her tears to flow ?
Does she wish him on the roof ?
Once, in confidential mood,
When the two together stood,
She *did* whisper, “ Could you not
Sit upon the chimney-pot ? ”

Then his face was strange to see—

Not a pleasant face one bit ;

“ This,” he said, “ from you to me—

You, who were *the cause of it ?* ”

And the Queen, in great alarm,

Murmur'd that she meant no harm,

And with look of fondest love

Press'd the claw within his glove.

Oh, it is an awkward thing—

Oh, it is unpleasant, when

Some great country has a King

So unlike to other men !

When that King is half a bird,

It is wretched and absurd :

Very bad for him, you know,

Worse for all his people, though.

MORAL.

All the evils that befell
 From one source did surely roll,
And that source, I need not tell,
 Was—the want of self-control :
When a boy *will* shut his eyes,
And uncheck'd a woman cries,
Then (regardless of expense)
They must take the consequence.



THE FAIRY BAND.

A BAND of young fairies careering about,
Quite tired of their studies, and glad to
get out,
Floats forth in the sunshine, and people
declare
There's a flock of most wonderful birds
in the air.
Professors so big, and professors so small,
Their species and genus can't settle at
all;

So turn to Frank Buckland: but sensible

Frank

Declines to assign them a class or a rank.

He sees they have wings that they flutter
with grace,

But instead of a beak there's a dear
little face;

And looking with eyes whose acuteness
can't fail,

He does not observe the least sign of
a tail!

He'll not give a hint to the sceptical
press,

Who have always a "No" to reply to
a "Yes;"

So he holds up his head, looking wise
and demure,

But says in his heart, "They are fairies,
I 'm sure."

They offer the nicest of butterfly-nets,
And beg him to catch one to keep with
his pets.

What!—*he* catch a Fairy? it makes him
quite hot!

No—not if he knows it—he'd *much*
rather not.

He thinks of his porpoise, remembering
well

The bill it ran up at the Folkestone
Hotel.

He took it to London by first-class
express,

Its mother ne'er treated it better, I guess!

He fed it with this, and he fed it with
that,
He made it sit up, and he made it lie
flat,
He studied the subjects of food and of
climes,
And bulletins daily he sent to the *Times*.
If you took up a newspaper, somebody
said,
“How’s the porpoise to-day? — is he
living or dead?”
The Fenians themselves were less famous
by far
Than Frank Buckland’s porpoise, the
season’s bright star;
And so, till one day, in the midst of his
pride,

The porpoise turn'd rusty, and suddenly
died !

This death on his conscience he's sure
is enough,

The man who could risk such another's
a muff.

'T is bad when a porpoise dies, put out
to nurse ;

But the death of a Fairy is fifty times
worse !

An inquest—and *murder* the verdict
that's brought !

Or at least fairy-slaughter—too horrible
thought !

So safe from his touch may the fairy
band fly,

And flutter and glitter 'twixt verdure and
sky ;
The pluckiest *savant* on earth will not
dare
To meddle with creatures so fragile and
fair !

Take example, ye fairies, abstain from
your play,
And trouble not men with your gambols
to-day :
Let earth make a compact of peace
with the air :
Be prudent, ye mortals ! ye fairies, be-
ware !
If Frenchman and Briton in unity
meet,

If Prussian and Dane can clasp hands
 in the street,
Sure fairies and men may confess and
 condone,
Their folly give up and their prejudice
 own ;
May each yield a little—may bear and
 forbear,
And the heart of creation be light as
 the air !

•

THE GREEN DOUBLET.

ALAS ! the Princess Alphonsine
Declines the Cherry Prince to wed,
Because his doublet is of green,
And crimson feather decks his head.
She says the colours do not yield
The picture that her heart desires :
The green is like a summer field,
The crimson speaks of winter fires.

The Cherry Prince, her love to gain
And win return to his caress,
Must bow before her will, 't is plain,
And change the colour of his dress.
But, ah! the Cherry Prince declares
That though he loves her more than
life,
He cannot change the dress he wears
To please the fancy of his wife.

He tells her how the blooming bride
Had put the bandbox in the chaise,
And how the bridegroom had complied
But for his valet's wiser ways,
Who warn'd him, "Bandbox *but* to-
day,
You bandbox all your future years."

And so he threw the box away,
But kiss'd the lady through her tears.

“And thus,” he vow'd, “shall love take
part

In all my firmness, Alphonsine;
I'll clasp thee to a tender heart,
Beneath a doublet made of green.”
The Princess droop'd her shining eyes;
The Princess toss'd her curly head,
And said, “The valet might be wise,
And so am I—too wise to wed!”

She curtsied with a stately air;
She cross'd her arms upon her breast,
With looks so mischievously fair,
They almost ask to be carest.

She twiddled with the golden key
That keeps her watch in training
true,
And said, " You cannot marry me,
Because—I—will not marry you ! "

The Cherry Prince, with angry face
And changeless love within his heart,
Received his sentence of disgrace,
And gravely bow'd — and so . they
part.

The Princess humm'd a merry tune,
And shook the money in her purse ;
Declared she could not bear the moon,
And hated sentiment and verse.

The Cherry Prince return'd to rule

The country that his hand obeys,
And put his bitter grief to school
By active works and busy days.
No wiser judge, no truer man,
His name to history's page imparts;
And so he wins, as princes can,
A noble recompense of hearts.

Alas ! the Princess Alphonsine
Some fever in her blood must bear.
She kiss'd a riband, made of green,
Then flung it down with scornful
air ;
She laughs aloud, and cries she 's glad ;
But, ah ! her temper 's growing worse,
And still she says the moon is bad,
And so are sentiment and verse.

The Cherry Prince has fallen sick,
The doctor fears that he will die ;
His pulse is beating very quick,
His skin is hot, and dim his eye.
The Princess hears the news afar ;
With artful dress her form she veils
(Ah ! love, thy footsteps swifter are
Than any train that runs on rails).

Her golden hair she doth disguise
Beneath a cap of goffer'd lace ;
Puts ugly glasses on her eyes,
And rubs rough colour on her face,
With half a blush and half a sigh ;
A robe of brightest green is hers.
She says, " If I may nurse him, why,
I'll wear the colour he prefers."

She sits beside his couch ; she holds
Her very breath, to hear him breathe.
With fever's wrath he frets and scolds ;
His temper's sword has lost its
sheath !
She bathes his brow, she chafes his
hands ;
Cool air and pleasant shade she
keeps :
He yields before her mild commands ;
His eyelids close, and lo ! he sleeps.

A fairy whispers in her ear—
“ Oh, smooth thy face ; thy cap re-
move ;
Oh, let him wake to find thee here !—
The only thing he cares to love.

Now he is either lost or won ;
 This is the sleep of death or life.
Oh, let his glances rest upon
 Her whom he longs to call his
 wife ! ”

A fairy has a hundred wits—
 She used them all, as all must see.
With tender grace the Princess sits ;
 Her face is fair, her hair is free.
O fringed lids, you must unclose !
 O startled eyes, by you is seen
The Princess blushing like a rose
 Just peeping from its mossy green.

His hand across his brow he pass'd,
 He cried, “ O fever, thou art kind !

O fever, fever, ever last !

With lovely phantoms of the mind,
With foolish tale my love I 'd teach :

With bitter grace she punish'd me—
A lover I, and dare to preach
To my divine Divinity ! ”

The Princess listen'd with delight,
And murmur'd low, “ O Cherry
Prince,

Perhaps, perhaps, a lover might
More chivalry of love evince.

The Princess would have yielded, if
You had not raised so stern a bar :
How could she trust her tiny skiff
With such a dreadful man-of-war ?

“ Ah, Cherry Prince, in *little* things
The woman should have pow’r, I
ween ;
Her strength from your affection
springs :
You are the king who make her
queen.
Ah, Cherry Prince, you see it here,
The colour that we quarrell’d o’er—
I fancy, if you hold me dear,
You’ll never wear that colour more !”

The Cherry Prince got well at once,
And they were wed that very year.
(I think the fairy was no dunce
Who whisper’d in the Princess’ ear.)
And if you ask his wedding dress,

Or what the hue his doublet bore,
I'll leave the little girls to guess
What were the colours that he wore.

But sometimes, if he seems to her
Less fond and yielding in his mien,
She laughs and cries, "Would you
prefer
To wear a doublet made of green?"
And, ah, their wedded life was soon
A proverb for most sweet content;
And she delighted in the moon,
And in all verse and sentiment.



GRANDMAMMA AND THE FAIRIES.

IN the pattern of the curtains
Upon Grandmamma's bed,
You may see the parks where fairies
Their nightly measures tread.
The white parts are their grand walks,
Where freely they advance ;
The green parts are the careful lawns,
Where they may only dance.

She 'll tell us all at breakfast
She had a wretched night ;
The furniture was creaking,
The pillows were not right.
With bolted door and windows wedged,
The care was all in vain ;
For there were noises in her room
Which nothing can explain.

.

Then all suggest a reason :
Miss Grey alludes to gnats,
Aunt Hetty talks of robbers,
And Uncle James of rats.
Papa says, " Girls *will* brush their hair,
Such chattering little folks !"
Mamma says, " George was sitting up :
You know how hard he smokes !"

But no one seems to notice,
While thus they fuss and guess,
A little whiff of laughter
Among the water-cress.
A fairy spy is station'd there,
Commission'd to record,
In a very short-hand summary,
Each blundering human word.

If Grandmamma is clever,
When next the curtains shake,
She'll take her chance of fairies,
And tell them she's awake.
She'll let them see she knows their tricks,
And that they're far too late
To take a fine old lady in,
Who's turn'd of seventy-eight.

A little show of spirit

Would bring them to their knees—

Would make them full of service,

Where now they only tease.

And then they might bring back again

That sweet time pass'd away; .

When every night was full of sleep,

Of pleasure every day.

That village shop, they'll show her,

Under the chestnut shade,

With the glorious sugar-candy,

Which is no longer made ;

With the sheets of fine stage-characters,

And the scissors with no points,

And those delightful wooden dolls,

With pegs in all their joints :

That field with lofty hedges ;
That elm-tree with a crest,
Where a blackbird sat so often,
She knows it had a nest ;
And where she found the primroses
So early in the year ;
And where she thinks she saw a snake
When nobody was near :

That garden with the peaches
Train'd on the old red wall ;
The scent of that first myrtle
She pluck'd for her first ball ;
And where she found a bouquet once—
Such fragrance and such tints !
I think it came from Grandpapa :
But that she never hints.

She'll tell us all at breakfast
She had a lovely night ;
And Grandpapa will whisper,
Because she looks so bright,
" You'll never match those eyes, my
dears "
(He said this once, you know) ;
" They're even finer than they were—
Ah, sixty years ago."



•

A NEW FERN.

A FAIRY has found a new fern !
A lovely surprise of the May !
She stamps her wee foot, looks uncommonly stern,
And keeps other fairies at bay.

She watches it flourish and grow—
What exquisite pleasure is hers !

She kisses it, strokes it, and fondles it
so— .

I almost believe that she purrs !

Of all the most beautiful things,
None brighter than this I discern,
To be a young fairy, with glittering
wings,
And then—to discover a fern !

THE ROBINS' ADVICE.

WHEN the holly trees are angry,
With their glossy leaves they prick,
Pelt us with their scarlet berries
Very hard and very quick.
If we gather them at Christmas,
Ev'ry church and house to dress,
We must touch them, oh, so gently!
And with pretty words caress.

Holly trees are proud and saucy—
Do they know that they are fair?—
So upright and so determined,
With their heads up in the air?
Only in our solemn churches
They a soft submission own,
Shining with a brighter beauty,
And a grace till then unknown.

In the wood, and in the garden,
They are grand disdainful things,
Think all Nature is their subject,
And that only they are kings.
And the fairies do not like it;
They declare it shall not be;
And they will not eat their dinners
Till they tame the holly-tree.

But the holly is undaunted,
Holds itself extremely high,
Lifts its leaves, and shows its berries
To the least observant eye.
And the fairies blush, and whisper,
“ I won't look, no more shall you—
Let us tell the robin-redbreasts—
They'll advise us what to do.”

There is nothing half so pretty
As when birds and fairies meet—
Fairies are such little darlings,
Birds so very gay and neat.
And I think the robin-redbreast
Is the bonniest of all,
Such a wise contented creature,
So extremely round and small.

Hush!—I would not say it loudly,
Lest it make too great a stir;
But I almost think a robin
To a fairy I prefer!
Each, however, is delightful—
Why compare the pretty dears?
Now a fairy—now a robin—
Friendliest and best appears.

Hark! the fairies' lamentation
Rises on the wintry air:
"See the bold, conceited holly—
Is it modest? Is it fair?
Shall it show its brazen berries,
And from punishment be free?
No!—we will not eat our dinners
Till we tame the holly-tree."





Quite astonish'd are the robins,
Their round eyes they open wide,
Put their heads with air of wisdom
Just a little on one side,
Hop about, and shake their feathers,
Making such a pretty fuss,
Crying, "Oh, you foolish fairies,
All those berries are for us!

" 'Tis for us the gracious hollies
Robe themselves in scarlet fine,
Holding up their leaves so stiffly
That the hungry birds may dine;
When the cold inhuman winter
Gives us frost instead of dew,
If the hollies hid their berries,
What would little robins do? "

Then the fairies, looking foolish,
Hung their tiny heads in shame,
Saying, " Pray forgive us, hollies ;
Hasty judgers are to blame.
We will love your upright branches,
Nor their scarlet balls condemn,
Now we know the happy reason
That you have for showing them ! "

But the robins are indignant—
Will not let the fairies go—
Saying, " How extremely silly,
Judging things you do not know ! "
Let *us* also learn this lesson
From the holly and the elves,
Lest we, too, should vex the robins,
And look very small ourselves !

A NURSERY RHYME.

I FOUND a little river in the sweet summer tide,
Lily, O Lily !
I wish that I were for ever by its side ;
Cool is the running water.

All its rocks were marble, shining with dew,
Lily, O Lily !

On each rock of marble a palace-flower
grew ;
Cool is the running water.

Red were the palace-flowers, cups of red
light ;
Lily, O Lily !
White were the marble rocks, snow-
clouds so white ;
Cool is the running water.

In all the red cups butterflies sate,
Lily, O Lily !
Clad in new rainbows, and keeping
their state ;
Cool is the running water.

These rainbow butterflies all sang like
birds,

Lily, O Lily !

I know the tune, but I cannot tell the
words ;

Cool is the running water.

I felt the song in my heart like a fear,

Lily, O Lily !

I ran away because I was so near ;

Cool is the running water.

If I had gone where the butterflies drew,

Lily, O Lily !

I should be there now with my feet in
the dew ;

Cool is the running water.

I should be there now, with my face in
the light,

Lily, O Lily!

With a king-butterfly all day and night;
Cool is the running water.

If I could tell what the butterflies said,
Lily, O Lily!

I should find my little river in its white
bed;

Cool is the running water.

Comrades, search with me, run to and
fro,

Lily, O Lily!

Tell if you find where the palace-flowers
grow;

Cool is the running water.

I know they are growing there, each
like a star,
Lily, O Lily!
Any one may find them, if he seeks far ;
Cool is the running water.

Tell if you hear any faint notes and
sweet,
Lily, O Lily!
Like living music that flows to your feet;
Cool is the running water.

I know they are singing there, just the
same song,
Lily, O Lily!
Any one may hear them if he listens
long;
Cool is the running water.

O! if they call you, go like the wind,
Lily, O Lily!

Take me beside you, leave me not behind;
Cool is the running water.

Take me beside you, over hill and plain,
Lily, O Lily!

O! my little river that I find not again;
Cool is the running water.

O! my little river, if I were on your shore,
Lily, O Lily!

I should live there, and not die, but sing
evermore,

Cool is the running water.

FLAX.

THE seed you scatter and sow
 (I saw it all in a dream),
The stream flows on, you know,
 And the wheel obeys the stream.

Delicate, strong, and white,
 Hurrah for the flaxen thread !
The warp and woof come right,
 And the children get their bread.

Bright blue blossoms that gleam
On each fairy, fragile stem
(I heard these words in a dream),
“What is the use of them?”

O words of meaningless spite,
O folly of reas'ning men!
The blossoms our *hearts'* delight,
And are *they* nothing then?

THE NAUGHTY STAR.

ALL the fairies, flying,
Seize upon a star ;
Push against her, trying
Can they move her far.
But the steadfast creature
Will not move a bit ;
“ Ah,” they cry, “ we ’ll teach her
How to manage it ! ”

From a little distance,
They united run,
Meeting calm resistance
From that earnest one.
Laws of speed and motion
Very useful are
To control an ocean—
Not to move a star !

Clustering upon her,
Counsel they invoke,
Crying, “ On our honour,
Such a star’s no joke !
If we cannot move you,
Make you run or spring,
Nobody will love you—
Naughty little thing !

“Obstinacy’s wicked,
But obedience cheers ;
No one but a thickhead
Always perseveres.
Bound to soft submission
Little creatures are :
Listen with contrition,
Do be a good star.”

In the twilight tender
Of the summer night,
With its starry splendour
And its balmy light,
Great will be our erring,
If we trust our eyes
As to things occurring
In the distant skies.

Dream we might for ever,
Yet the truth would miss ;
Fancy could we never
Such a thing as *this*—
That beyond our reaching,
Very high and far,
Fairies may be preaching
To a little star !

Still the star is naughty,
And the fairies cry,
“ Let ’s consider ; ought we
Just to pass her by, .
Carelessly pretending,
Nothing is undone ;
And the matter ending,
Leave the star alone ?

“No ; it would be treason,
And injustice too :
Others yield to *reason*,
As this star must do.
Stars too fond of pleasure,
Or of standing still,
Must be taught the measure
Of a fairy’s will.”

Then they quickly muster
In united bands,
On the star they cluster,
Clasping tiny hands.
Jumping light as air is,
Up and down they go
(Do you, little fairies,
Always reason *so* ?).

How extremely pretty !
 Won't you jump again ?
It is quite a pity ;
 Reasoning thus is vain !
But the star won't listen ;
 When all 's said and done,
She will shine and glisten,
 But she will not run.

Sitting down disgusted,
 Sternly they reproved—
“ Star, you won't be trusted
 Any more than loved !
Harden'd little scorner,
 We must punish you—
Put you in the corner,
 And chastise you too ! ”

Answering her teachers,
Then the star spoke out,
“ Foolish fairy creatures,
Making such a rout !
Are you quite half-witted
Thus to fret and frown,
When I ’m *not permitted*
To run up and down ?

“ Do you know a word of
Nature and her laws ?
Have you even *heard* of
Consequence and cause ?
Charming little dancers,
With your pretty looks,
Give me honest answers—
Do you mind your books ?

“ Ah, it is the oddest
Thing, and full of pain ;
Learning is so modest—
Ignorance so vain !
Faith would never doubt me,
Though it could not reach :
Please learn all about me,
Ere you try to teach ! ”



RIVER.

Two children stood by a river,
 They heard it murmur and sing,
They saw it sparkle and shiver,
 And thought it a living thing.
Ah, river, river, flowing by,
 Truth must be always said ;
The children thought you lived, and I—
 I told them you were dead ;

Ah! why was I undeceiving?

Ah! what was the harm or strife

u just two children believing

The beautiful stream had life?

Ah, river, river, softly flow ;

My foolish words forgive !

If other children fancy so,

I 'll let them think you live !

And perhaps the children's dreaming

Was wiser than all I knew ;

The death may be only seeming,

The life may be only true !

Ah, river, river, flow away ;

Forget the words I said :

Alas ! how could I dare to say

I *knew* that you were dead !

WISHES.

DID you hear the children say
Life is rather out of tune,
And they think they'd like to play
With the pretty stars and moon?
Such a multitude of toys
Has been theirs since happy noon—
Children have so many joys,
And are tired of them so soon!

“ Give them us at once,” they cry,
“ If you would not see us weep ;
Let us, with a lullaby,
Sing the little stars to sleep !
Golden creatures, to and fro
How they ’ll roll about and leap,
And they twinkle, twinkle so,
We are *sure* they play bo-peep !

“ Toss them to us through the air,
Birds that flutter to the skies
(For our toys we do not care,
We have grown so very wise).
As each little shining ball
Through the air delighted flies,
In our pinafores they ’ll fall,
With a wonderful surprise.

“ Whisper softly in our ears
 (It will help us in our play)
When the gallant sun appears,
 Why the stars are hid away.
We have thought of it so oft,
 But we never yet could say—
Whisper to us, low and soft,
 What the stars do all the day.

“ If we hide them in the grass,
 They will shine and glitter so,
Grown-up people, as they pass,
 Think them glow-worms in a row !
But these darlings of the skies
 (As we little children know)
Have no ugly ‘ worm ’ that dies—
 Only keep the pretty ‘ glow ! ’

“ Very bright their home up there,
In the heaven deep and blue :
Ah, for us they cannot care ;
We are sometimes naughty, too !
Stars, perhaps you never could
Let our pretty wish come true ;
But, if we are very good,
Will you let us visit you ? ”

—◆—

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

THE sands of the sea stretch far and fine,
The rocks start out of them sharp and
slim—

Sharp and slim in the wild moonshine,
That now is tender, and now is grim.

Moonshine, moonshine, again do you
come?

Wonderful, wandering, watchful
thing!

Mournful to many, lovely to some—
Moonshine, moonshine, what do you
bring ?

Little white innocent patch of sand,
With the tall, strange rocks that
cluster round ;
You are not sea, and you are not land ;
What shall we call you—debatable
ground ?

Waters have wash'd you the live-long
day,
Coming and going, they fetch and
restore ;
What do they bring, and what take
away,
For ever and ever, and evermore ?

Moonshine, moonshine, you come and
you go ;

Silvery sand, you shiver and shake ;
Wild waves of ocean, you ebb and you
flow—

What do you bring, and what do
you take ?

You take the grains of the sand so
bright,

The stones, and the shells, and sea-
weed rare ;

You bring a creature helpless and white,
A little drown'd child you fling down
there !

The moonlight shines on the innocent
sand,

And the senseless rocks that will not
 stir ;
You lay her there with a weary hand,
 And then you hurry away from her.

A white drown'd child alone, all alone ;
 When was she ever alone till this ?
Sheltering arms kept her quite their own,
 Never a touch but was like a kiss !

Warm, and happy, and cherish'd was
 she,
Fond and petted, and merry and good ;
How did she come in the cruel sea,
 That could not give her caress or food ?

Mermaids run over the slimy rocks,

Hither and thither with wonder wild ;
Sea-birds gather in wistful flocks—
All must look at the little dead child.

Sea-birds flutter their wings in the air,
Restless and sorry to see her lie ;
Mermaids wring their white hands in
despair :
“ How could the sea have the heart ? ”
they cry.

Clustering round her, they softly chant
Monotones wonderful, wild, and new—
Wishes the ocean can never grant,
Hopes too beautiful yet to be true.

To far-away homes that eerie strain

Faintly, faintly, the south wind bore ;
Ah, they may listen and watch in vain—
Die-away echoes, return no more.

Mermaids, as wild and as cold as the
 waves,
 Clasp the child to their shivering
 breasts,
Carry her down to the coral caves,
 Where 'neath the ocean the storm-
 wind rests.

Beautiful sea-creatures, weird and
 strange,
 Crystals, and corals, and things un-
 known,
Breathe new life with a fluttering change :
 Oh, the sea has a pulse of its own.

Little blue eyes open very wide ;
Little gay tongue is unloosed once
more ;
Little feet patter from side to side,
Searching for things they have known
before.

Oh, but the mermaids feel joy and fear—
Fear at the novelty of her ways—
Joy in a creature so soft and dear,
Fear and joy, and a sort of amaze.

When first they fed her with nicest fish,
She murmur'd it was not done enough;
She ask'd for a plate, a spoon, and a
dish,
Tasted, and call'd it horrible stuff.

She said the rocks made very cold beds,
That crabs pinch'd her toes and fingers
small ;
And as to their games with fishes' heads,
She cried and could not play them at
all.

Of her two little feet she seem'd quite
vain,
Pretty white sock and dainty wee
shoe ;
Look'd at their tails with extreme dis-
dain,
And cried when they said she 'd get
one too !

Time worketh marvels — habits are
made ;

Delicate twigs are bent very soon ;
Soon the sun stealeth out of the shade,
Soon the sky takes the place of the
moon.

Soon she felt their ways were her own ;
Gaily she swims where she used to
sail,
Combs out her hair on the rocks alone,
Curls up her feet to look like a tail.

Sitting on rocks and combing her hairs,
Miniature mermaid, pretty and neat,
Hoping her curls will turn green like
theirs,
Hoping a tail will grow out of her feet.

Carelessly, fishermen fling their nets

Over the rocks in the sandy shore,
Asking the ocean to pay their debts,
Wishing her waves would yield them
more.

Drawing their nets with a "Yo-heave-
ho!"

A "Yo-heave-oh" and a haul away,
Heavily laden; but up they go,
Heavily laden with *what*, I pray?

O little mermaid, you look so fair,
Sitting alone in the fisher's net!
Combing your innocent flaxen hair,
Cover'd with coral, and pearls, and
jet.

O little mermaid, what can they do?

Little sea-urchin, who can you be ?
Will you hurt them, or will they hurt
you ?
Ought they to throw you back in the
sea ?

What will be right, and what will be sin ?
Up she look'd in their faces, and
smiled ;
Pretty wee dimple laughs on her chin.
" Kiss her," they cry ; " she's a little
child ! "

Sorrowful mermaids run about,
Seeking for what they cannot find ;
Wild lamentations of fear and doubt
Flicker and float on the sad sea-wind.

Daisy likes love-songs pretty,
Columbine, canzonets ;
Rose, an old-fashioned ditty ;
Lilies prefer duets.
Bells, too busy for singing,
Shake themselves till they ring ;
Sweet the chimes they are ringing—
Ting-a-ring, ting, ting, ting !

Butterflies come with fiddles,
Bravely they play the bars ;
Wasps round their slender middles
Carry refined guitars.
Cockchafers flutes are using,
Dragon-flies touch their harps,
Difficult music choosing,
Laden with flats and sharps.

THE FAIRY'S WEDDING. 193



Little green moss is spreading
Velvety carpets for those
Who to the fairy's wedding
Trip on their wee dainty toes.



- Fragile delicate grasses
Wave about in the air,
Shade the bride as she passes,
Whispering, " Oh, beware! "



Heading the grand procession,
Oh, how they shine and flash !
Each with his scarlet dress on,
Each with his golden sash,



Each with his shield and weapon,
Sabretash, spurs, and spears,
Gallantly, oh! they step on,
The Fairy Volunteers.

Twelve little fairy curates

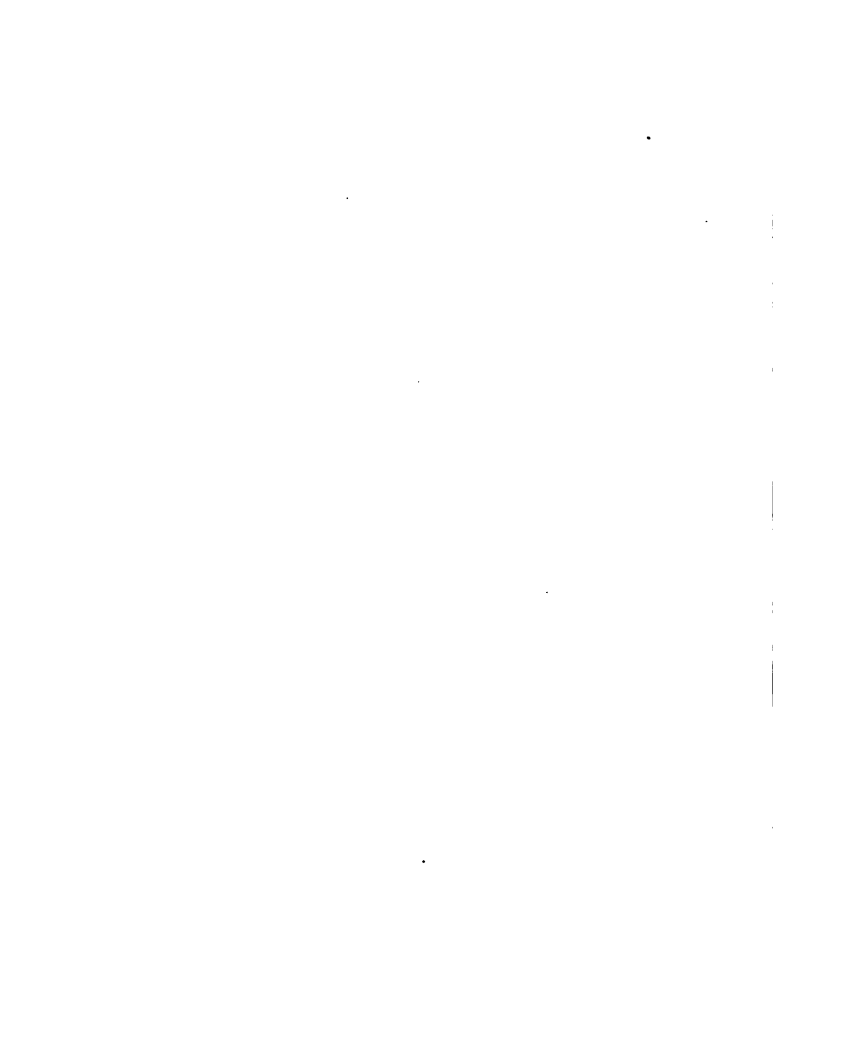
After the soldiers come :
Poor little legs! I'm sure it's
Seldom you've march'd to the
drum!
M. B. coats their wear is,
Almost down to their feet—
Little clerical fairies,
Miniature Dons complete.

Gravely the Bishop marches
Just in rear of his troops,
(Come from his Court of Arches
Form'd by the croquet hoops!)
Wearing his jaunty apron
Woven of juniper leaves,
Robe of jasmine the cape from,
Delicate lily-bud sleeves.

Next come all the relations
Very splendidly drest,
Making sharp observations
Every one on the rest.
Then, ah! beautiful bevy
Of bridesmaids fair and afraid!
Were *I* a king, my levée
Only of you should be made!

The Bride comes softly tripping,
Half ashamed of her glee;
The Bridegroom leaping and skipping
As bridegrooms should ever be.
Lovely is their adorning,
Innocent, bright, and gay;
Fair is she as the morning,
Radiant he as the day.





The little vows are over,
The pretty wee knot is tied;
Oh, happy fairy lover!
Oh, exquisite fairy bride!
While eager bluebells shake fast
Their loudest ring-a-ting, ting,
The guests sit down to breakfast
And eat like anything!



THE SICK SPARROW.

A LITTLE Sparrow, very ill,
Sits lonely in her little nest ;
And with her discontented bill
Pecks feathers from her little breast.
“ Alas ! ” she sighs, “ the world is fair—
The world is fair for happy things—
For happy things that kiss the air
With innocent, triumphant wings.”

The little Sparrow droops her head,
And shuts her little languid eyes,
And softly wishes she was dead
And could not see the laughing skies.
The laughing skies, that laugh at her—
That laugh at her, and vex her so ;
Her little limbs refuse to stir—
Her little heart is full of woe.

Dame Nature loves her pretty birds,
And guards them with a jealous care ;
She hears the Sparrow's plaintive words,
Who 'd die because the world is fair.
And first she frowns, and then she sighs,
Oh, sickness is a wearing grief :
The Sparrow should not blame the skies,
Tho' blaming *something* brings relief !

The birds that flutter, fair and free,
“Bright denizens of earth and sky;”
How can they understand or see
The grief of birds that cannot fly?
While life and joy are but the same,
And rapture thrills each tiny breast,
Let not the happy creatures blame
The bird that sorrows in her nest.

Dame Nature ponders carefully—
“Oh, some must suffer, all must live:
How can I set this sorrow free?
How can I tender comfort give?
Is there no fountain of delight,
That even freedom’s joys forestall?”
Ah, Nature, thou hast guess’d aright—
’Tis LOVE brings solace unto all!

The happy Sparrow's mate is near :
He will not use his eager wings ;
He tells her she is very dear,
And whispers many charming things.
He brings her pleasant daily bread,
He perches fondly on her nest,
And lets her lay her weary head
Upon his faithful little breast !

O birds, so strong in heart and limb,
Thy gladness cannot envy move !
O, what is health compared with HIM !
O, what is freedom match'd with
love !

The laughing skies may laugh at her—
They do but laugh with pleasure fond;
With such a darling comforter,
How can she wish for aught beyond !

NEPTUNE.

THERE is a great commotion,
Too dreadful to last long :
Old Neptune rules the ocean,
And he has ruled it wrong !
The sharks and whales look very grim,
The Tritons glance askance at him,
The Mermaids toss their verdant hair,
And all the little fishes stare !



The waves are quite unruly,
The winds have gone astray ;
The tides defy him coolly,
And coolly disobey !
Neap tide has got the place of spring ;
Who ever heard of such a thing ?
The angry moon has cut the sea,
Or such a thing could never be.

Old Neptune shook with terror—
He knew not what to do ;
So he confess'd his error,
And bless'd himself a few.
I say, his error he confest,
And that himself a few he blest ;
But what that error was, I say,
No mortal knew before to-day.

I hardly like to tell it,
Or put it into rhyme;
I think I'd better sell it—
Who'll buy old Neptune's crime?
The fault that he committed is,
He dared the Moon to chaff and quiz,
And begg'd her to explain the plan
By which she caught and kept her man!

The Moon is very touchy,
And ready to take huff;
Since Neptune knew as much, he
Should not have talk'd such stuff.
And now she plays at hide and seek,
And has refused to bow or speak;
And Neptune hangs his hoary head,
Because the Moon has cut him dead.

Old Neptune calls a Triton,
Says he, "I'm sinking fast ;
You see so sad a blight on
My prospects has been cast,
Because I made a little joke,
And dared a little fun to poke.
I'm such an innocent old chap,
They've been and caught me in a trap.

"I'm very much dejected—
I wish to hide my face ;
I cannot live suspected,
Or subject to disgrace.
But, ere I die, I'll grant a wish,
Whate'er it be, to every fish ;
Explain it, please, to all the lot—
Not e'en a shrimp must be forgot ! "

The Triton bow'd severely,
And said, " Without a doubt,
It is my duty clearly
This error to point out.
I may not pass the great mistake
That in your agony you make :
You call a shrimp a fish—not so ;
Crustacea is its name, you know.

" To give a shrimp a vote is
A procedure unknown ;
So I shall send the notice
Unto the fish alone.
A fish a Triton *may* respect ;
But low Crustacea can't expect
A Triton to descend so far
As asking what *its* wishes are."

Old Neptune cried, "Don't bother—
No more of this, I beg ;
Oh, teach your great-grandmother
The way to suck an egg !
A dying cove you shouldn't rile
In such a very vicious style ;
I'd like to make an awful row—
You didn't ought to vex me now !"

With exquisite politeness,
The Triton bow'd once more,
And said, "This tone of lightness
Permit me to deplore."
Cries Neptune, "Toll-de-roll-de-roo,
Now, I'll be hanged, sir, if I do ;
I'd rayther not permit you *that*,
And so I won't, my boy—that's flat !"

The Triton, smiling sweetly,
Remark'd, "I must infer,
You have forgot completely
That you are dying, sir."
Old Neptune blushes and looks down,
He bites his lips, and tries to frown,
And says, with laugh that can't be hid,
"As sure as I'm alive, I did!

"And now seek out the fishes,
And bring me their reply;
Let them express their wishes—
I'll grant them ere I die."
The Triton bow'd, and smiled and bow'd,
And said, "You need not speak so loud:
A dying man should save his breath—
I fear you'll talk yourself to death!"

So loyal are the fish, or
So much averse to strife,
They 've not a thing they wish for,
Beyond old Neptune's life.
They shake their little fins, and cry,
"He must not die—he must not die.
We fish, who know a thing or two,
Assure him that it will not do."

"Indeed, it won't," cried Neptune,
"I'll live a hundred years!"
Then all the fishes kept tune
In three triumphant cheers.
And Neptune said, in reckless mood,
"I'd die because the Moon was rude;
But now her nonsense I defy—
I'll *tame the Moon*, and will not die!"

“ Ah, Neptune ! gallant creature !
The Moon is in the sky ;
Alas ! thou canst not reach her,
She is so far and high !
More than two million miles from thee,
She wanders on serene and free,
A pallid, petted, pamper'd thing,
Whom lovers praise, and poets sing.”

But Neptune wink'd demurely,
And said, “ No more ado ;
For, like the fishes, surely
I know a thing or two.”
Then, with a sailor's practised hand,
Pull'd up his trowsers' snowy band,
Thrust in his cheek a noble quid,
And further chattering forbid.

He beckon'd to a grampus,
And said, "With words of doubt,
My lord, you must not damp us ;
So *don't* begin to spout."
The grampus smiled with awkward leer ;
But Neptune said, "My lord, don't
fear ;
Only one thing—you must not fail
To promise *not* to wag your tail."

He took him and another,
Put one beneath each arm,
Saying, "I will not smother
Or do you any harm.
Ah, credit me, I should be loth
To break my coronation oath,
Which makes it deadliest of sins
To injure anything with fins."

The elder grampus lolleth
 Awkward and ill at ease,
The younger grampus trolleth
 The gleefulest of glees.
O brothers of the self-same race,
Like in circumference and face,
What different souls inspire thy frames,
As different as frost and flames !

Arouse thee, elder grampus,
 Be resolute and wise !
It is our follies cramp us—
 Our sins that paralyse !
O younger grampus, unto thee,
Light-hearted creature, gay and free,
With starting tears, I can but say—
Still, still be light of heart and gay.

See, from the sky descending,
 A summer showerlet drip ;
See, with the ocean blending,
 A radiant rainbow's tip.
Now, Neptune, now! the moment
 comes ;
Seek other climates, other homes.
Those shining steps ascend the sky,
Where thou must tame the Moon, or
 die!

Up, up the lovely ladder
 He steps with fearless march
(The elder grampus sadder,
 The younger still more arch).
Up, up he goes, his dauntless tread
Trampling on yellow, green, and red,

On melting lilac, tender blue,
And ev'ry shade of ev'ry hue.

The elder grampus hangeth
His head, with sickly smile ;
The younger grampus bangeth
His fins for joy the while.

The elder grampus, sadly slow,
Declines to have a bit of go ;
The younger, full of youth's desire,
Would like to set the Thames afire.

O lovely Moon, be ready ;
Let not thy footsteps stray.
O guardian clouds, be steady ;
Keep watch and ward, I pray.
Oh, softly gleam, my northern light ;

My milky way, be fresh and white ;
My little comets, glimmer fine ;
Twinkle, my stars ; my planets, shine.

He comes, the bold intruder,
 Wild as the ocean wave ;
No wily whirlpool shrewder,
 No stalwart storm more brave.
The heavens shiver at the sight ;
The planets cannot plan it right ;
The shooting lights with terror mix,
And the fix'd stars are in a fix.

The Pleiades are trembling,
 The Great Bear wags his tail ;
Arcturus is dissembling,
 And Lyra turning pale.

The Gemini together roll,
The Polar Star has seized its pole ;
Cassiopeia is in a fuss,
And serious is Sirius.

But Neptune is undaunted,
And cries, with hideous roar,
“ Where is the Moon ?—she’s wanted,
And should have shown before ! ”
Then, as he quickly strides along,
He hums his Dibdin’s sweetest song :
“ And, sure, I’m up aloft,” says he—
“ ’T is *I* must that small cherub be ! ”

Right on he went, and right on :
The Moon’s before him now !
Says he, “ Were I the Triton,

How I should scrape and bow !
I know a thing worth two of that ;”
And so he gave the Moon a pat,
And sang out, “ Toll-de-roll-de-rell—”
I hope, my dear, you ’re pretty well ! ”

The Moon, with frown indignant,
Sank fainting on a cloud ;
While he, with air benignant,
Declared she did him proud.
The Moon revived, and, full of scorns,
Threaten’d to toss him on her horns.
“ Yes, he may touch her, if he please ;
He ’ll find, though green, she ’s quite
the cheese.”

Then Neptune nudged the grampi,

And said, " My Lords, look out !
The moment that I stamp, I
Require that you should spout."
(The elder grampus slurr'd and sneak'd,
And pertly jeer'd, and almost squeak'd;
The younger grampus clapp'd his fins,
And cried, " Hurrah ! he laughs who
wins ! ")

The Moon he calmly faces,
And fixes with his eye ;
He stamps his foot—the traces
Still linger in the sky.
A nervous planet fell in fits,
And broke itself in forty bits—
Forty ? nay, more than that we find,
Thanks to the eyes of Mr. Hind.

A little Pleiad shiver'd,
Its little spirit fled ;
From pangs of fear deliver'd,
The little thing is dead !
The other stars rush madly by,
Shooting through all the trembling sky
While, O vast change ! by none forgot—
The very sun has changed a spot !

He stamp'd his foot : how dashing
His attitude and air !
While all the spheres are crashing,
He stands untroubled there !
He stamps his foot—the grampi rear
Their heads without a sign of fear ;
He stamps his foot—the grampi spout
Full at the Moon, and BLOW HER OUT !

See, Neptune swiftly rushing,
Her other side to win ;
Again, the grampi gushing—
This time, they BLOW HER IN !
O conquer'd Queen ! O conquering
King !
Down at his feet thy sceptre fling ;
Captive to tides thy steps must be—
O Moon, thou canst not cut the sea !



THE TWO SWANS.

A TRUE STORY.

Do you know the pretty lakelet,
 'Mid the mountains and the trees,
Where little waves comes dancing
 To the music of the breeze ?
The lakelet where the sunset
 Delighteth to delay,
To let the shining lilies
 Reflect the parting day ?

Far from the busy city,
 With all its glare and gloom,
The joyful little lakelet
 Is beautiful—for whom ?
Just for the buds and blossoms,
 The rushes and the grass,
The sunlight and the moonlight,
 And the shadows as they pass ;

And for two happy creatures,
 Who think it is their own—
Two Swans, so white and stately,
 Who live and love alone ;
With innocence and beauty,
 And strength that will not tire,
And love and lovely Nature—
 What more can swans require ?

They have a pretty island,
Whereon at night they rest ;
They have a sparkling lakelet,
And float upon its breast.
They always are together,
So faithful and so fond ;
To love 'mid lovely mountains,
What can life give beyond ?

Oh, vicious things are Foxes,
And cunningly they plan ;
But viler and more cunning
Is the cruel MADHUCRAN.
Wild cats are sly and savage,
And have a wicked will ;
But Madhucrans are slyer,
And are more savage still !

The happy Swans are sleeping,
So close together prest—
The head of one is lying
Upon the other's breast.
I think that they are dreaming,
In dreams serenely gay,
About the bright to-morrow
And happy yesterday.

The Madhucran approaches
With wily hidden run :
O Madhucran, have mercy—
Take both, if you take one !
Oh, Madhucran, have mercy—
Our hearts can tell you why :
As they have lived together,
Let them together die !

Oh, hope the raving tempest
The little boats will guide,
Or hope the wild volcano
Will spare the hamlet's pride,
Or hope the fierce assassin
Will save the life of man ;
But never hope for mercy
From the cruel Madhucran !

He seized the happy Cygnet,
Lying in placid rest ;
He dragg'd him from his darling,
And tore his tender breast.
A little heap of feathers,
That flutter as they fall,
Some drops of blood upon them—
Alas ! and is that all ?

Alas ! my lovely mountains
And radiant little sea ;
Alas, that 'mid your beauty,
Such wickedness should be !
Ah, sweetest earth and water,
Have you no power to win
The creatures that you harbour
From misery and sin ?

My Swans, we all are sorry ;
But how can we atone ?
He died in cruel murder ;
But she that lives alone
A thousand deaths is dying—
A thousand griefs in one.
She suffers—oh, she suffers,
Reft of her darling one !

The peasants tell the story,
Who 'mid the mountains dwell—
How ev'ry morn they met her,
Far from her wooded dell ;
Their rugged mountains climbing,
With patient, watchful air—
Still searching for her darling—
Still searching ev'rywhere.

And all the night she wander'd,
Oh, wild and weary quest !
And all the day she waited
Upon the lakelet's breast.
None ever saw her sleeping ;
Food did not touch her beak ;
Thinner she grew, and thinner,
More watchful and more weak.

They say her heart is breaking—
Her strength is almost gone ;
But still she climbs their mountain,
And wanders on and on.
At last, one happy morning,
They miss her anxious tread ;
They seek her on her island,
And find her—lying dead !

A sturdy peasant takes her,
And starts in sad surprise ;
He is a rugged fellow,
But tears o'erflow his eyes.
She is so light and slender,
He hardly feels her lie.
Ah, *how* she must have suffer'd :
Poor Swan, 't was best to die !

BUTTERCUP VERSUS GLOW-
WORM.

A BUTTERCUP and Glow-worm are
Disputing as such creatures do ;
Each claims to be most like a star—
Who shall decide between the two ?

Says one, " Behold *me* sprinkled fine,
Athwart the meadows, smooth and
green ;
'T is thus the little stars do shine
And glitter in the azure sheen."

The other cries, "O summer night!
These yellow things, how cold they
are!

See how *I* glow with living light,
The very image of a star!"

"Ah, no," replies the Buttercup;
"*We* lie about in beauty rare:
Just so the little stars look up,
From some green lake reflected fair.

"If *you* are like a star at all;
You all alone from glory far
(Alas, that little stars should fall!),
You can but be a fallen star!"

All tremulous the Glow-worm lay,

Scared from her happy confidence;
A moment hid her drooping ray,
Then glitter'd out in self-defence.

“A fallen star I'd rather live,”
She cries, with passion in her tone,
“Than but reflected splendour give,
And have no being of my own.”

The Buttercup laugh'd free and sweet,
“Poor Glow-worm, say not so,” she
cries;
“The only life that is complete
Is—one reflected from the skies!”

WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO A
THIMBLE.

COME about the meadow,
Hunt here and there,
Where's Mother's thimble?
Can you tell where?
Jane saw her wearing it,
Fan saw it fall,
Ned isn't sure
That she dropp'd it at all.

Has a mouse carried it
Down to her hole—
Home full of twilight,
Shady, small soul?
Can she be darning there,
Ere the light fails,
Small ragged stockings—
Tiny torn tails?

Did a finch fly with it
Into the hedge,
Or a reed-warbler
Down in the sedge?
Are they carousing there,
All the night through?
Such a great goblet,
Brimful of dew!

Have beetles crept with it
Where oak roots hide?
There have they settled it
Down on its side?
Neat little kennel,
So cosy and dark,
Has one crept into it,
Trying to bark?

Have the ants cover'd it
With straw and sand?
Roomy bell-tent for them,
So tall and grand;
Where the red soldier-ants
Lie, loll, and lean—
While the blacks steadily
Build for their queen.

Has a huge dragon-fly
Borne it (how cool !)
To his snug dressing-room,
By the clear pool ?
There will he try it on,
For a new hat—
Nobody watching
But one water-rat ?

Did the flowers fight for it,
While, undescried,
One selfish daisy
Slipp'd it aside ;
Now has she plunged it in
Close to her feet—
Nice private water-tank
For summer heat ?

Did spiders snatch at it,
Wanting to look
At the bright pebbles
Which lie in the brook?
Now are they using it
(Nobody knows!),
Safe little diving-bell,
Shutting so close?

Did a rash squirrel there,
Wanting to dine,
Think it some foreign nut,
Dainty and fine.
Can he have swallow'd it,
Up in that oak?
We, if we listen,
Shall soon hear him choke.

Has it been buried by
Cross imps and hags,
Wanting to see us
Like beggars in rags ?
Or have fays hidden it,
Lest we should be
Tortured with needlework
After our tea ?

Hunt for it, hope for it,
All through the moss ;
Dip for it, grope for it—
'T is such a loss !
Jane finds a drop of dew,
Fan finds a stone ;
I find the thimble,
Which is Mother's own !

Did spiders snatch at it,
Wanting to look
At the bright pebbles
Which lie in the brook?
Now are they using it
(Nobody knows!),
Safe little diving-bell,
Shutting *so* close?

Did a rash squirrel there,
Wanting to dine,
Think it some foreign nut,
Dainty and fine.
Can he have swallow'd it,
Up in that oak?
We, if we listen,
Shall soon hear him choke.

100

100

100

Run with it, fly with it—
Don't let it fall ;
All did their best for it—
Mother thanks all.
Just as we give it her,—
Think what a shame !—
Ned says he 's sure
That it isn't the same !



FREDDY'S KISS.

UNDER the sea in a cave
Dwelt the old man who can't swim:
Once he rose up on a wave,—
Wasn't it plucky of him?

But his poor beard was so long
(Pulling a beard gives such pain),
That, being old and not strong,
He was dragg'd down, dears, again.

He had been tied to a rock,
Close to the cave where he sat—
Mermaids don't bluster or knock,
They are too cunning for that.

So when they caught the old man,
And his escaping was fear'd,
Briefly they hit on this plan:
"Let's tie him up by his beard."

Sea-water makes people strong,—
He had enough of its strength
And his poor beard grew so long,
It was a tether of length.

When little Freddy heard this,
He blurted out with a sob,

“ I ’ll give that mermaid a kiss
Who ’ll cut his beard ! ” — a nice job !

Freddy has red rosy cheeks,
Eyes of most questioning blue ;
Every word that he speaks
Sounds like bird-music come true.

One little mermaid, who heard,
Shook her green tresses with bliss,
Crying, “ You dear little bird,
See if *I* don’t win the kiss ! ”

Freddy his lips made to pout,
Showing how nice it would be ;
And the small mermaid sang out,
“ How my mouth waters to see ! ”

Scissors and knives do not grow
Under the waves, it appear'd ;
Mermaids have combs, we all know—
Combs will not cut a poor beard.

Wringing her hands in distress,
Softly she cried, " On my life,
Just to get out of this mess,
I 'd sell my tail for a knife ! "

Jenkins the swordfish heard *that*,
Jenkins the swordfish was glad,
Often he 'd glow'r'd where he sat,
Wanting the tail that she had.

Jenkins the swordfish cried, " Done."
" Now," said the mermaid, " don't
fail ;

Cut his poor beard in a run,
Honest, I 'll give up my tail ! ”

Jenkins rush'd down on the stream,
Cut through the beard like a rag :
Cried the old man with a scream,
“ O, my poor beard how you drag ! ”

With the reaction he rose
Right to the top of the sea,
Jenkins is rubbing his nose ;
“ Well, did I ever ? ” says he.

That little mermaid was kiss'd
All in a hurry by Fred,
And when her small tail was miss'd,
“ She may stay here, ” Mamma said.

(That was not wicked, you know :
Mermaidens are not like elves ;
But for the tails that they grow,
They 'd be the same as ourselves.)

When the old man touch'd the shore,
He was so lean and so blue,
All the wild beasts gave a roar,
Off in the Regent's Park Zoo.

True things, how startling ye are !
Fred saw with wonder and fear,
It was his own grandpapa,
Who had been lost for a year !



ONCE.

SING to me, nightingale, that sweet tune
You sang last night to the waning
moon !

It filled the shadow, it pierced the light ;
It made a day in the midst of night.

I want to hear it before I die.

Sing till the moon comes out of the
sky !

“ No, no ! ” the nightingale sings ;

“ Once is enough for all best things !

I shall trill many a lovely strain ;
But I never shall sing that song again !”

Make for me, sky, that tender hue
You made last night ere the sun
dropped through !—
Colour melted in burning air,
Flowing we know not whence nor
where.

Before I die I want to see—
Make that colour again for me !
“ No, no ! I paint all day
Rose and amethyst, gold and grey,
Purple precipice, silver rain ;
But I never shall paint that hue again.”

Breathe to me, friend, that deep love-
tone

You breathed last night when we were
alone ;
It told a life which I never guessed,
It covered sorrow with floods of rest.
Before I die, I want to know
Whether you always love me so.
“No, no ! The moment came
Once, but never again the same :
Once, deep Love finds utterance clear ;
Often silent, 't is always here.

MY CRYSTAL GOBLET.

I HAVE a crystal goblet,
So delicate and fair ;
I place it on a pedestal,
And curtsey to it there.
It is so large and handsome,
Carved with such quaint device ;
And twisted in so strange a shape,
It looks extremely nice !

I think some king has held it
 To quaff his kingly wine ;
I think some lover drain'd it off,
 And thought himself so fine ;
I think some little maiden,
 Upon her father's knee,
Has tested its delicious depths,
 And wonder'd what they be.

For shame, my crystal goblet !
 How could you grace the feast,
To hold that enemy who makes
 Man lower than the beast ?
For shame, my crystal goblet,
 Baser than dish of delf !
Ah ! ere you lent yourself to sin,
 You should have smash'd yourself !

And I must crush your beauty !
And I must wring your neck !
If all are bound to peck at sin,
I must begin to peck !
If all must tread on sinners,
I must be treading too—
I must lift up my little foot,
And dash it down on you !

Ah ! no, my crystal goblet,
You need not fret nor fear ;
I will not strike your pretty face,
You frighten'd little dear.
For I will make you useful,
With such a lovely use,
The man who breaks you into bits
Will be at least a goose.

Hurrah, my crystal goblet,
The milk is sweet and new !
To fill you up is beautiful,—
My goblet, how d' ye do ?
And when the poor and hungry
Your pleasant fragrance quaff,
They say you are a blessed thing,
And then begin to laugh !



SUNSHINE.

LITTLE buds, little buds, toss your
heads—

Toss your heads, little truculent buds !
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your
beds,

And welcome the sunshine in floods !
How softly uncloses

Each innocent daisy !
Now, roses ! now, roses !
You must not be lazy ;

The beautiful sunshine
Is shining for you—
Unfurl your bright petals,
And laugh at the dew.

Hawthorn hedges, break out in a breath,
With your delicate bouquets of snow ;
Start up, little thorns, with your promise
of death
Keep guard on the treasure below !
Their blossoms of beauty
The fruit-trees must scatter ;
They've done their bright duty,
So what does it matter ?
They laugh with delight,
As they flutter away,

To see little berries
Peep out at the day !

Royal sunshine, be trusty and true ;
Pour your golden enchantment on all !
We spring into life for the worship or
you—

Be ready to answer our call !
No whimsical hiding,
No clouds fling before you :
'T is *you* we take pride in,
'T is *we* must adore you !
What creatures would scatter
Their beauty and grace,
For a king who refuses
A glimpse of his face ?

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS
DOG.

THE dog and the poor blind man
Are keeping together still,
As close as two creatures can,
For such is the wise dog's will.
He leads the man on the path ;
He is not pushing nor rude,
But growls, with a stately wrath,
If the passers-by intrude.

The man in his choice was free,
 He took the dog for his fate—
Many a one who can see
 Might be proud to walk as straight !
He trusts with a loving trust,
 And Frisk (who plans and decides)
Behaves as a good dog must,
 In whom a good man confides.

The man, with a patient grace,
 Submits to his comrade's will,
And turns his poor sightless face
 Wherever the dog stands still.
The dog is the judge of that ;
 And never he wags his tail,
Or holds out his master's hat,
 When he fears the prayer will fail.

O careless men in the street,
Playing your different parts,
The little dog at your feet
Is reading your inmost hearts!
With sorrowful, wistful eye,
Reading and weighing your worth,
And soberly passing by
The face that is all of earth.

I sometimes have hoped and thought
That the blind man's dog may trace
Some glitter, from Heaven caught,
By my heart to light my face.
Oh, teach me, for learn I must—
Oh, teach me, for teach you can—
Your loyalty, love, and trust,
My dog and my poor blind man!

TALKING FLOWERS.

I wish the flowers would not talk
All through the summer night ;
I wish the grasses would not stalk,
Perk'd up to such a height.
Buds and grasses make their passes,
Playing their wild bo-peep ;
Chatter, clatter, what 's the matter ?
How can I go to sleep ?

My dearest Roses, hold your tongue ;
Bluebells, you must not nod ;
Hush, Honeysuckles, you're too young ;
Sweet Peas, don't shake your pod.
Little Daisy, you amaze me !
Heather, pray silence keep.
Chatter, clatter, what's the matter ?
How can I go to sleep ?

Is that thunder ? No, it's Dahlias,
Speaking in angry tones !
The Chrysanthemums make failures—
Those are not words, but groans.
Mignonetter does it better ;
Pink gives a feeble " cheep."
Chatter, clatter, what's the matter ?
How can I go to sleep ?

O yellow-tress'd Laburnum-tree,
Quite full of little birds,
I wish you would not talk so free—
Please use nice, modest words.
White Syringa, pray don't bring a
New language in a heap.
Chatter, clatter, what 's the matter?
How can I go to sleep?

When sunshine lights the busy world,
So pretty and demure
In silence are your leaves unfurl'd;
Mice not more still, I 'm sure.
Sly as foxes, close as boxes,
You schemers, fair and deep,
Chatter, clatter, what 's the matter?
How can I go to sleep?

I never thought you'd make a noise
(Oh, how my poor brain whirls!)—
You're more provoking than the boys,
More uppish than the girls!
And the Lily talks so silly,
Causing my flesh to creep.
Chatter, clatter, what's the matter?
Why can't you go to sleep?

I get so angry in the night,
I'm quite determined then
To punish you—and serve you right—
Just like disgraceful men!
When the morning's light is dawning,
I rise, my word to keep:
Soft and slender, bright and tender,
All blossoms are asleep!

DALZIEL BROTHERS,
CAMDEN PRESS, LONDON, N W.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

PUBLISHED BY

STRAHAN AND CO.

Poems Written for a Child.

BY TWO FRIENDS.

With 17 Illustrations.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"Which of these 'Two Friends' would be chosen for 'laureate' of Lilliput it would be hard to pronounce. Probably if one were to 'tabulate' results, and set the kindled cheeks and melting moods evoked by one against the mirth and merriment which come at the faintest call of the other, there would have to be two laureates, as of old there were a brace of kings at Sparta. It may be well that, according to a pretty fancy of 'A.' in her little poem, 'Lillies,'

'Blossoms that have power to bless

Only children understand.'

But the same privilege of innocence, to discern what is hidden from older and more world-worn eyes and hearts, ought to dispose the denizens of nurseries and school-rooms to be unanimous in voting these 'Two Friends' into the topmost rank of their friends and benefactors."—*Saturday Review*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS]



POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

Stories told to a Child.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STORIES."

With 14 Illustrations by ELTZE, HOUGHTON, and LAWSON.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"There is more real faculty in some of these brief tales than could be found by analysis in half the successful novels now published. One most pleasant thing about the book is, that though it is written for children by a brain capable of instructing the minds and ennobling the thoughts of grown people, there is no *coming down* to nursery intellects. The author's efforts are simply wide enough to embrace them, and catholic enough to be to them like the wholesome sunshine and wind. More than this it is not easy to say; but that may be said with entire confidence."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD.

The Gold Thread.

A Story for the Young.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,
Author of "Wee Davie," &c.

With Illustrations by J. D. WATSON, GOURLAY STEEL, and
J. MACWHIRTER.

Square 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d; cloth, red edges, 2s. 6d.

"This is one of the prettiest as it is one of the best children's books in the language. Dr. Macleod is great as a preacher and writer. but he is nowhere greater than in the field of nursery literature. Wherever there are children, if our advice is taken, there will be a GOLD THREAD."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



THE GOLD THREAD.

The Postman's Bag.

A Story-Book for Boys and Girls.

By JOHN DE LIEFDE.

With Illustrations by JOHN PETTIE, R. BELL, and others.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"This little volume is simple, artless, and Christian. We know several little children who are never weary of these stories, and we are sure that they can learn from them nothing but what is good."—*London Review.*

"Commend us to Mr. de Liefde for a pleasant story, whether in the parlour or on the printed page. He is himself a story-book, full of infectious humour, racy anecdote, youthful freshness, and warm-hearted religion. In this pretty little volume we do not get any of his more elaborate tales; it is professedly a book 'for boys and girls,' and is made up of short stories and fables, the very things to win children's hearts."—*Patriot.*

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



THE POSTMAN'S BAG.

Dealings with the Fairies.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.,
Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood."

With Illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 2s. 6d.

"Mr. Mac Donald writes as though he had lived a long time in fairy land, and not from vague reports, but from notes taken on the spot."
—*Spectator*.

"Mr. Hughes has illustrated these fairy tales with much skill; and the charming little volume, if it did not make us wish to be young again, did more; for while we were reading, so great was the magic of the enchanter's wand, we became young once more, and clapped our venerable hands over the tears of the Light Princess and the groans of Mr. Thunderthump."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The growth of imaginativeness, a great desideratum in our young people, will not be to be despaired of if their fancy is but nursed on such a pleasant blending of allegory and reality as Mr. MacDonald purveys in the 'Golden Key' and his other 'DEALINGS WITH THE FAIRIES.'"—*Saturday Review*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



DEALINGS WITH THE FAIRIES.

Æsop's Fables.

A New Edition.

With 100 Illustrations by WOLF, ZWECKER, and DALZIEL.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 2s. 6d.

"A lovely little edition of Æsop's Fables. . . The volume is profusely illustrated, there being hardly a page without a picture. Nor is quantity obtained at the expense of quality. The illustrations—most of them from the pencil of Mr. Wolf, portrait-painter in ordinary to the animal world—are most admirable."—*Churchman*.

"It is a charming little edition, attractive enough to make a child desirous of obtaining it, and sufficiently full of beauties to give a man pleasure in possessing it."—*Manchester Examiner*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



ÆSOP'S FABLES.

•

Lilliput Levee:

Poems of Childhood, Child-fancy, and Childlike Moods.

With Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS, G. J. PINWELL, B. BRADLEY,
and others.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 2s. 6d.



"One of the most sparkling, whimsical, yet withal wholesome outpourings of fun and frolic that have ever issued from our modern press."—*Saturday Review*.

"A budget of scampering nursery rhymes. 'Lilliput Levee' will cause uproarious laughter amongst boys and girls. . . . The illustrations are capital, especially the picture of little Polly, in night-dress, saying her prayers."—*Athenæum*.

"This author will be established as the children's poet for, at all events, this present generation. . . . There is great temptation to quote the whole volume; but we must refrain. Read *Clean Clara*, ye youngsters, for your edification, and *Penitent Alfred* for your improvement. Read the *First of June* and the *Race of the Flowers*, if you have any taste for true poetry. Read it all, you lucky young folks, and be grateful to your benefactor, the unknown writer of 'Lilliput Levee.'"—*Chambers's Journal*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



LILLIPUT LEVER.

*Wordsworth's Poems for the
Young.*

With Illustrations by JOHN PERTIE and JOHN MACWHIRTER, and
a Vignette by MILLAIS.

Square 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 2s. 6d.



"A perfectly charming book for the young."—*The Reader.*

"One of the prettiest books imaginable; as a present for the young it can scarcely be surpassed."—*The Morning Journal.*

"A very elegant volume, full of charming woodcuts. These poems are for the better moments, the quiet hours of boys and girls. The illustrations are full of cleverness, sweetness, and truth."—*Scotsman.*

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



WORDSWORTH'S POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Magic Mirror.

A Round of Tales for Old and Young.

By WILLIAM GILBERT,
Author of "The Washerwoman's Foundling."

With numerous Illustrations by W. S. GILBERT.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 2s. 6d.

"The stories are well told in the best style for children, and the little woodcuts to illustrate them have the merit of showing an unhackneyed mode of treatment."—*The Times*.

"This is such a book as Nathaniel Hawthorne alone could have written."—*New York Round Table*.

"The ability of the illustrations is quite up to that of the tales, which is very great."—*Spectator*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



THE MAGIC MIRROR.

James Duke, Drummer,
OR,
The Washerwoman's Foundling.

By WILLIAM GILBERT,
Author of "De Profundis," "The Magic Mirror," &c.

With Illustrations by W. SMALL.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 1s. 6d.

"The most humorous prose poem that we have read for many a day.
. . . A prettier tale for the coming Christmas season has not, up
to the present time, come under our notice amongst recently published stories."—*Athenæum*.

"A story for children, full of the pathos and intense realism that are characteristic of the author's more important works. The tale, simple and touching, is well and effectively told. It will doubtless be well received by those for whom it is written."—*Imperial Review*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



JAMES DUKE, DRUMMER.



Edwin's Fairing.

BY THE REV. EDWARD MONRO,
Author of "Harry and Archie," &c.

With Illustrations by W. JONES.

Square 32mo, cloth gilt extra, 1s. 6d.



"A truly royal book for the young, combining in a rare degree all the qualities which make a story both grave and gay, moving alternately to tears and laughter, and conveying a deep religious moral of paramount importance, not by casual hints or hackneyed phrases, but as the 'backbone' of the whole thing. We have to read a good many books in the course of a year; but there! it is no use to deny it, a little book that ought only to have detained us long enough to form a fair judgment of its merits, held us enchained until legitimately released by page 223."—*Nonconformist*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



EDWIN'S FAIRING.

*The Will-o'-the-Wisps are in Town,
and other New Tales.*

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by AUGUSTA PLESNER and S. RUGELEY-POWERS.

With Illustrations by F. ELTZE, B. BRADLEY, and M. E. EDWARDS.

Square 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper boards, 1s.

"Andersen's poetic fancy and childlike humour never fail him, and this little volume of new tales has a charm as fresh as any of his earlier days. When we speak of his childlike humour, we do not of course mean that his humour is like the humour of children; but that its nature is of a kind to make him into a child again when under its influence. The sort of serious talk which you may overhear a child telling to its doll is in nature and essence the same, except in genius, as Andersen's. . . . No one has ever rivalled Andersen in humour of this sort, or even in the reverse form of it; when telling tales of genuine wonder, he makes his marvellous beings talk with the self-importance and every-day fussiness of human creatures. In humour of both these sorts the tales before us are as rich as ever."—*Spectator*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS ARE IN TOWN,
and other New Tales.

A French Country Family.

BY MADAME DE WITT, *née* GUIZOT.

Translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

With Illustrations by B. RIVIERE.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"Madame de Witt is a charming painter of the natures and ways of well-nurtured children, and the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' has done good service in giving us this English version of a book which will delight the inmates of our nurseries."—*Athenæum*.

"It ought to be as popular with old and young as one of Mrs. Craik's own novels"—*Westminster Review*.

"A charming little story, which, in its present form, will help to make many an English child understand and appreciate both the children and the grown-up people of France."—*Daily News*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY.

Studies for Stories
from Girls' Lives.

With Illustrations by MILLAIS, SMALL, HOUGHTON, and BARNES.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"Simple in style, warm with human affection, and written in faultless English, these five stories are studies for the artist, sermons for the thoughtful, and a rare source of delight for all who can find pleasure in really good works of prose fiction. . . They are prose poems, carefully meditated and exquisitely touched in by a teacher ready to sympathize with every joy and sorrow."—*Athenæum*.

"Each of these studies is a drama in itself, illustrative of the operation of some particular passion—such as envy, misplaced ambition, sentimentalism, indolence, jealousy. In all of them the actors are young girls, and we cannot imagine a better book for young ladies."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"There could not be a better book to put into the hands of young ladies."—*Spectator*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



STUDIES FOR STORIES.

*Papers for Thoughtful Girls,
With Sketches of some Girls' Lives.*

BY SARAH TYTLER.

With Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 5s.

"One of the most charming books of its class that we have ever read. It is even superior to Miss Mulock's well-known work, 'A Woman's Thoughts about Women.' . . . Miss Tytler has produced a work which will be popular in many a home when her name has become among her own friends nothing more than a memory."—*The Morning Herald*.

"Here we have one of the best books that ever was written for a purpose. There has recently been no lack of books on the whole duty of women; but in none of them has there been so catholic a spirit, so just an appreciation of all the adornments of the feminine character."—*The Scotsman*.

"It is many a day since we read a book that has gratified us more than Miss Tytler's. . . . She discourses about youth, intellect, beauty, friendship, love, godliness, &c., with the practical purpose, wise discrimination, and rich thoughtfulness of Archbishop Whately or Lord Bacon; and then she does what neither of our great ethical philosophers could have done—she tells an admirable story illustrative of her theme."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

[SPECIMEN OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.]



PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS.

Daily Devotions for Children.

BY MRS. G. HINSDALE.

Square 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"From their brevity, their simplicity, and their adaptation, these 'Daily Devotions for Children' will find a hearty welcome in many a family."—*English Independent.*



Daily Meditations for Children.

BY MRS. G. HINSDALE.

Uniform with "Daily Devotions for Children."

Square 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

1/1/18

1/1/18

1/1/18



